Week ending June 13 1959

JOHN BULL

Everybody's Weekly

EVERY WEDNESDAY 5d

Breathtaking new novel—begin it today!

THE NIGHT OF WENCESLAS

by LIONEL DAVIDSON

The thrilling story of the most unusual spy ever sent behind the Iron Curtain

DO YOU WANT TO BREAK THE BANK AT MONTE CARLO?

AMAZING PERFORMANCE WITH BP ENERGOL 'VISCO-STATIC'*

105,806 MILES AND STILL DIDN'T NEED A REBORE!

Sales Representative's experience with BP Energol 'Visco-static'—the oil that's proved to give 80% less engine wear

ASK MR. J. E. PIPER of Felixstowe what difference BP 'Visco-static' means to motoring. He knows the answer. He started running his 1955 Ford Consul on BP 'Visco-static' and used it ever since for 105,806 miles. At the end of this time the engine was opened up and found to be in tip-top condition. It didn't need reboring, it didn't even need decarbonising. And that after 105,806 miles!

Examined by independent consultants

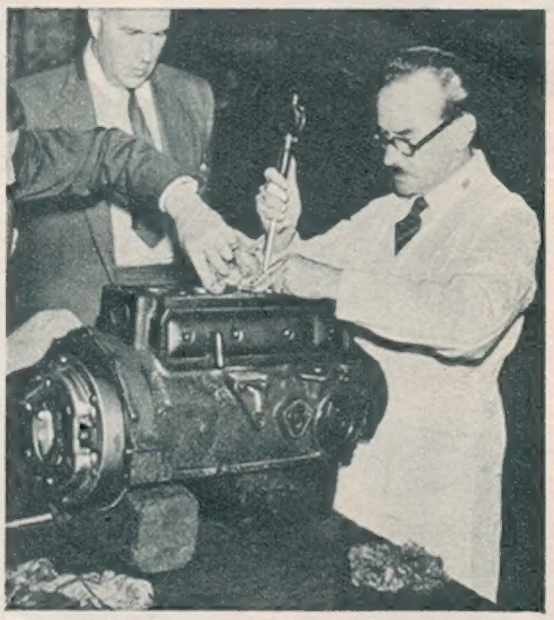
During the whole of this huge mileage the engine head was never once removed. The only work needed was the replacement of a timing chain at 65,000 miles.

When Mr. J. E. Piper informed BP of this remarkable trouble-free mileage they arranged for the engine to be opened up and examined by a firm of independent consulting engineers – A. Warren Lambert & Co., 181 Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4. The man who actually did the job is a former Chief Engineer of the A.A.

This was done at Foxhall Garage, Nacton, Ipswich and exact measurements were made of all wearing surfaces. These figures were supplied in a complete report issued by the independent experts.

Amazingly little wear

On examination the experts found that the engine was in first-class condition. Wear was so low that no attention was needed. Maximum wear in any cylinder bore did not exceed 1.2 thousandths of an inch. There was no need to rebore, no immediate need even to give a top overhaul. All valves except one were seating well and did not need grinding-in. The cylinder head could have been refitted and the engine run for many more tens of thousands of miles!



Experts take micrometer readings on the cylinder bore of Mr. Piper's engine after 105,806 miles. So little wear was recorded that not even new rings were necessary.

This is Mr. J. E. Piper's Ford Consul with 105,806 miles on the clock. And the engine was still in tip-top condition. Mr. Piper had used BP 'Visco-static' during the whole of this huge mileage.

Bearings first-class

It was not only cylinder wear that was wonderfully low. Main bearings, big ends, crankshaft were so little worn they needed no attention. The same was true of camshaft and tappets. There was remarkably little carbon. This and the low wear confirmed that oil consumption throughout the 105,806 miles remained moderate.

Proved on radio-active wear detector

The saving in wear with BP 'Visco-static' is so great that a car engine has to complete very big mileages indeed before any measurement of wear can be made by normal micrometer means. But BP 'Visco-static' was tested and proved to give 80% less cylinder wear before the oil was put on the market. This was done by using the wonderful new radio-active wear detector.

A copy of the complete test report on the Ford Consul can be obtained from your BP garage.

BP

* 'VISCO-STATIC' IS A TRADE-MARK OF THE BRITISH PETROLEUM COMPANY LIMITED

JOHN BULL
EVERYBODY'S WEEKLY
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Contents

ARTICLES
THE WOMAN WHO IS SHAKING UP THE THEATRE
by Robert Holles 11
IF YOU BROKE THE BANK AT MONTE CARLO . . .
by Christopher Bell 13
GILBERT HARDING 15
ARE WE A NATION OF PILFERERS?
by David Napier 19

STORIES
A KIND OF HUNGER
by Patrick Winn 16
SAD, BAD DAY FOR BALLYSAGGERY
by Brian Cleeve 20

SERIALS
THE NIGHT OF WENCESLAS (Part 1)
by Lionel Davidson 8
THE UNEASY HEADS (Part 7)
by Geoffrey Bocca 24

MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME
by Roger Smithells
LIFE AT A LOW LEVEL .. 30
IT'S A SMALL WORLD .. 31
HAVE A SPLASH 32
CURTAIN COTTONS 33
WORTH NOTING 38

FEATURES
WHICH YEAR? 18. IN SHORT: 22. EVERYBODY'S PUZZLING: 26. WORRY: 26, 33, 35, 36. JOKES: 26, 28, 35, 36, 37. BE A BETTER DRIVER: 28. THUMBTHING: 34. DACHSIE: 35. WE ADVISE: 38.

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The Cover

WHAT'S the use of even *thinking* about that stately home? It would only mean having to leave it to the nation. If ever there was a graveyard of mortgaged hopes, it's this wide window on a world out of reach. Not even love can buy a detached residence in its own spacious grounds, on a semi-detached income. "No doubt they'll settle for a flat," says artist Oliver Brabbins, "and kid themselves that they can't stand gardening." The girl at the counter needn't yearn: she will soon be on the outside looking in

Free Speech

JOHN BULL: EVERYBODY'S WEEKLY pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech." Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to our Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post and in our feature "We Advise."

Junior Government

YOUNG people of today are criticized and condemned, but I have never heard anyone get down to the real root of the trouble.

This is the feeling young people have that they can have no say in the running of their country until they are old. They don't even get a foot on the ladder till they are twenty-one.

What a waste of the enthusiasm, energy and idealism of youth! No wonder these qualities seep away into other channels, often undesirable and anti-social.

We already have two Houses of Parliament. We very badly need a third—a House of Youth. This could be elected and run exclusively by young people and would have the right to be heard, and to vote, on all matters debated in the other two houses.

The resultant drop in juvenile delinquency figures would be only a detail compared with the invigorating effect of this shot in the arm of our present rather jaded and obviously world-weary administration.—MRS. C. BEATY, Greenrigg, Roadhead, Carlisle.

Trying It On

On many occasions in shoe shops I have heard the remark that the right foot is always bigger than the left and that is why one foot is more comfortable than the other.

If this is true, surely the manufacturers would allow for the difference when they make shoes. Or is it a myth?—MRS. LILIAN LEYIN, Juniper Street, Shadwell, London, E.1.

"Most people have one foot which is microscopically larger than the other," says a chiropodist. "Shoe-fitting should not worry them, but there are a few people with one foot considerably larger.

"This can be as much as two shoe sizes. They should approach individual shoe firms and ask for special fittings.

"If these are unobtainable they should err on the large side by fitting the bigger foot correctly and then packing the other shoe at the tongue, so that the foot is gripped properly.

"This affects men less than women —who tend to buy the smallest possible shoe, and thus may cause themselves unnecessary foot trouble."

Just Plain Scruffy

When university graduates come to my office for interviews I am often amazed by their appalling lack of personal pride in appearance.

Does this sort of education breed an ultra-confident, blasé type who knows that he can wear anything he likes, look Bohemian and still get a well-paid job? I think it does.

Manners and clothes still make the man far more than a cultured accent and knowledgeable mind. Employers are foolish to tolerate sloppy executives, whether they were educated at Eton, Harrow or Timbuktu.—JOHN DARGAVEL, Heaton Norris, Stockport, Cheshire.

Sliding's Safer

I have had a sliding door fitted on my car to prevent offside accidents, which are continually on the increase.

This arrangement makes reversing much easier and safer, in addition to providing more room in garages and car parks.

I had to have the job done by a firm of coachbuilders, and as the offside of the car had to be rebuilt, the cost was rather prohibitive at

£100. But in view of the obvious advantages, why don't the car manufacturers consider sliding doors on standard models? — SIDNEY W. NOBBS, Grove Walk, Norwich.

Sunk Without Trace

In the navy we throw a good many children's parties—almost invariably thumping successes—which gives us grounds to believe that we see eye to eye with most youngsters.

In your issue of May 9 appeared a quiz about understanding children. It was studied by members of this mess, first with interest, then disbelief and finally horror.

The petty officers of 53 Mess wish to go on record that sixty per cent of the questions and answers were composed for morons. The others were either poppycock or utter bilge.

Just one point—if a child is given sixpence and decides to buy a large, sticky nougat, who the devil are his parents, or worse still, donor, to insist on acid drops?

Are you giving the child sixpence —or buying an option on his freedom?—P.O. H. R. JENNER, H.M.S. Birmingham, c/o G.P.O., London.

Danger Route

Statistics can sometimes be most misleading. Recently I heard a television commentator say that during the postwar years an average of 5,000 people have been killed annually on the roads, against thirty-six on the railways.

These figures present an incomplete picture because the road figures include all types of road-users, whereas the railway figures are for passengers only. No mention was made of the fact that on average 180 railwaymen are fatally injured each year in the course of their duties.

A most exhaustive research would have to be undertaken to compute the actual safety ratio between road and rail.—A. RICHARDSON, Bolckow Street, Shildon, Co. Durham.

"The most dangerous section of British industry to work in is the building and allied trades. There were 258 deaths in those last year," says the Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents.

"Of railway employees, 135 were killed at work in the same year."

Womanly Wiles

If I adopt the timid, clinging vine attitude with my husband I find I can wheedle almost anything out of him, but if I assume an independent air I find that I am left high and dry.

It seems to me that in spite of the equality of the sexes, deep down

most men still harbour the protective feeling for females.—MRS. E. KERR, Anglesea Road, Woolwich, London, S.E.18.

There and Back

I always understood that a return ticket on the railways meant a reduction in price. But apparently not from Winchester to Exeter. A return ticket is £2 1s. 4d., a single 19s. 10d.

By buying two singles one saves 1s. 8d. Enough to buy coffee and biscuits en route.—MISS M. R. BABBAGE, Saxon Road, Winchester, Hants.

"Nowadays return tickets are exactly twice the single fare for the journey, except in certain concessions, such as midweek and cheap

£1,000 Crossword Winners

The most meritorious set of answers to John Bull's free £1,000 crossword (issues April 25 and May 2) was adjudged to be that shown on the right. The winning solution was received only from the two following entrants, who thus share the £1,000 and receive £500 each:

F. M. Mullings, 18 Sandy Cove, Kinmel Bay, Rhyl.
L. E. West, 531 Maidstone Road, Rochester, Kent.

Prizes to the value of more than £1,500, including two cars, are waiting to be won on page 39.

The Buds and the Bees

Listen, Bud
why not travel
in style?
The best flowers
go by

INTERFLORA
WE TELEGRAPH FLOWERS

INTERFLORA

THE WORLD-WIDE FLOWER RELAY SERVICE

You can have fresh flowers delivered almost anywhere you wish at home or abroad through members of Interflora — the world's leading florists. Order only from florists displaying the "Mercury" sign, your guarantee of satisfaction.

All the lovely bouquets for women winners of JOHN BULL's "Bullets" competitions are delivered through Interflora

ON THE HAPPIEST DAY OF MY LIFE...

I'd love a

BABYCHAM

The genuine
Champagne Perry

The Babycham bottle fills a champagne glass

Babycham is made only by Showerings Ltd., and the name Babycham is their Regd. Trade Mark

Free Speech

continued from page 3

day journeys," says British Railways, Southern Region.

"If Miss Babbage lets us know the details of her journey we will investigate whether she was overcharged in any way.

"But the old conception of a return ticket—as equal to the cost of one single journey plus a third—was abolished years ago. The main advantage in a return ticket today is of convenience to the passenger."

Can't Suppress It

Why can't suppressors be fitted on aeroplanes? I live near an aerodrome and every night planes fly over, making my television picture fade and the sound crackle.

I don't mind the noise which planes make, but my blood boils when they spoil my television viewing.—L. M. HOLLIDAY, Robert Cecil Avenue, Mansbridge, Swaythling, Southampton.

"Hard lines, Mr. Holliday," says a TV expert. "The interference from planes isn't caused by their engines, but by the actual bulk of the aircraft, which interferes with the signal and causes distortion.

"There seems to be no way of suppressing this type of interference."

Atomic Ants

Is there any reason why Sylvia Higgs could not put down radioactive bait for the ants which plagued her (JOHN BULL, May 16) and then located the nest with a geiger-counter? It would seem to be a much quicker and less destructive method than the ones she used.—A. SLACK, Buxton Road, Macclesfield, Cheshire.

"We did consider this method, but thought that in this case it was impracticable," says Alec Green of the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research.

"Ants carry food to small caches and from there take it to the main nest. However, we occasionally use radioactive bait with other insects."

Switched Off

A man was using a portable radio on my bus and was asked by the driver to turn it off as the bus was not licensed for music.

As there was no notice to this effect and I often see people using portable radios on trains and buses I wonder if there are, in fact, any regulations covering their use.—MISS FLORENCE WAREING, Lulworth Road, Southport.

Ministry of Transport regulations for public service vehicles stipulate that passengers shall not use or operate noisy instruments to the annoyance of other passengers.

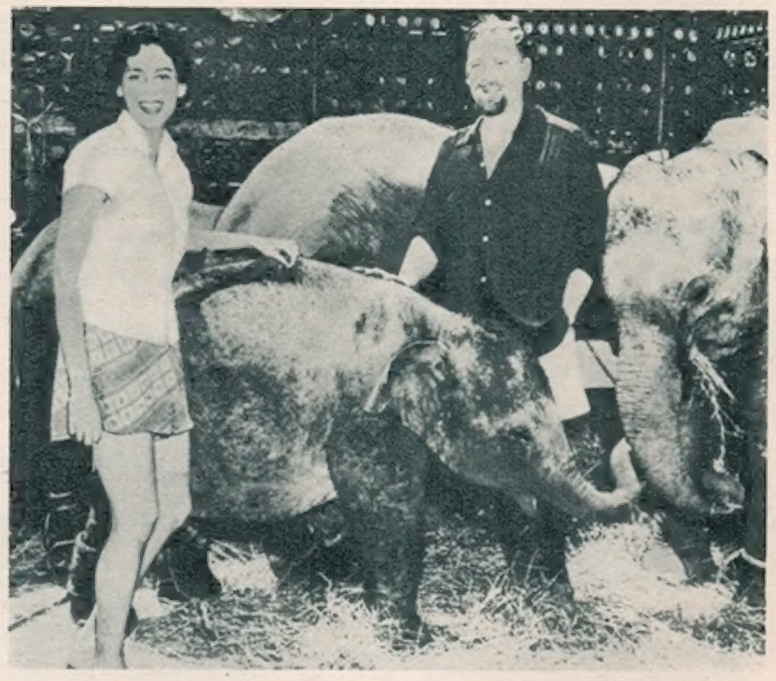
However, provided you have a wireless licence there seems to be nothing to stop you using a portable radio in buses or trains if the volume is kept at what the conductor or driver considers a reasonable level.

Met Flowercast

I have a plant in my garden which can predict a sunny day. It is one of the arum family and its bloom looks

They challenged Nature and beat her, on her own ground . . .

THE WILDEST GAME



Peter Ryhiner and his beautiful Eurasian wife Mercia risked the death that lurked in the world's most hazardous jungles. Their mission: to capture wild animals—alive. Ryhiner's own story of their thrilling adventures . . .

BEGINS IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

I can't tell Stork from butter

I often drop in to see Jean and the children of a morning. My, she *does* make me welcome. Nice thin slices of bread and lovely smooth Stork. You know, it really does taste *just* like butter. Nothing like it in my young day!

I can . . . it's easier to cream!

Yes, we've a lot to be thankful for, Gran—Stork in particular. *Every* cake turns out a success now . . . light as air and so tasty. Well, I mean to say, creaming couldn't be easier with Stork. And when I think of the time I *used* to spend rubbing in for pastry . . . take my word for it, that kind of hard work is a thing of the past now.

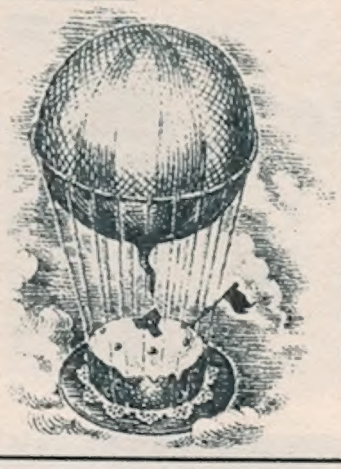
STORK
TABLE MARGARINE

creamier taste—easier to cream!

AT YOUR SERVICE
one of a series

The lighter the better

"Crumb structure", when it's good, means a really light cake. It's a phrase that the Stork Cookery Service use—and a bad crumb structure is something they won't have at any price. You know a successful cake depends on its light, airy texture as much as its taste. The Stork Cookery Service know this too—and that's why they've made sure that Stork's best to make *your* cakes with, for true lightness.



Why is it that Stork cakes are lighter? The secret's in the blending. When Stork was recently improved it was so made that, among other advantages, it allowed you to beat air more easily into a cake mixture. And results in—that's right, a lighter "crumb structure". Stork creams easily and quickly *and* produces a lighter cake every time. So, you see, Stork not only takes the ache out of baking—it makes it easier to get perfect results. And isn't that something to shout about?

Make the most of your
STORK COOKERY SERVICE
KILDARE HOUSE, DORSET RISE, LONDON, E.C.4

VAN DEN BERGHS & JURGENS LIMITED, LONDON, E.C.4

JSC 526-9872

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DOUBLE the coverage
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Healthy and wise

is the woman who keeps a watchful eye on her weight. A daily check on weight is a daily check on health and a trim figure, and there's no better or easier way than with the regular use of a "Mayfair" Personal Weigher in your own home. Graduated 20st. x 1lb., the "Mayfair" is available from leading chemists, ironmongers and stores.

Price only 75/6 including P.T.

The "Mayfair" Personal Weigher is manufactured exclusively by Geo. Salter & Co. Ltd., West Bromwich

Save £100 with the world's first Do-it-Yourself Caravan

Above: Parts ready for assembly. *On right:* Caravan complete.

Roger Smithells in "John Bull" recommended it as a **"revolutionary development"**. A touring caravan for *five* or a living-van towable by 1½-litre car.

Delivered to you in Polythene outer with full instructions.

The kit, including furnishings, paint (your colour choice), kitchen, lighting, heating and equipment for £325.

Shell and chassis alone for only £170.

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Please send full free particulars of the Smallwood Caravan Kit.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

(I am over 21)

Free Speech

continued from page 4

and smells like bad meat. It is pollinated by the flies and bluebottles which it attracts.

Its scent lasts only a day, so it has to choose one which is sunny when flies are active. The flower opens before sunrise, so it must have its own weather forecast.—F. C. SCULTHORP, High Road, Leytonstone, Essex.

"Your flower sounds like Arum Dracunculus, Mr. Sculthorp," says a gardening expert.

"It gives off its distinctive scent when the pollen is ripest and naturally this tends to happen during spells of good weather."

The Working Week

Having often read of the increased leisure time enjoyed by workers nowadays I took a survey of some friends recently.

Of twelve questioned, two were working the same hours as they were ten years ago—although now on a five-day week instead of five and a half.

The other ten were working from four to eighteen hours more than ten years ago.

This is overtime, of course, which means more money.

As far as increased leisure time is concerned it does not exist. Often it has become much less.—A. HUTCHISON, Myrtle Street, Glasgow, N.W.

"The only figures we have," says the Ministry of Labour, "compare the hours worked in most manufacturing industries and a number of 'service' industries between one week in October, 1935, and the last pay week in October, last year.

"In 1935 the average hours worked in the week were 47·8. Last year's figure was 46 hours.

"However, it should be remembered that in 1935 most people were working a six or five and a half day week and the hours were spread over a longer period."

Concession Rights

A reader asked why Canadian and American visitors to the U.K. were allowed to bring goods through the Customs duty free ("Free Speech," April 25). Your footnote correctly stated that a Customs concession is allowed to all temporary visitors to this country.

But the concession of bringing in double the normal amount of duty-free cigarettes and spirits applies only to visitors permanently resident outside Europe, not to all visitors normally resident outside the U.K.—MAURICE NOCKLES, H.M. Customs and Excise, London, E.C.3.

Getting Better

My nine-year-old daughter recently had an operation on her eyes for the purpose of correcting a squint, and we shall be eternally grateful for the skill and care lavished on her in hospital.

But we have one small criticism—have hospital authorities ever considered the sheer boredom that healthy active children experience lying in bed for days, eyes bandaged, with nothing to do?

There is a good case here for a daily reading session. Perhaps some of the women's organizations could help.—MRS. N. MCTEAR, Orient Road, Salford, 6, Lancs.

. . . After a tonsil operation my six-year-old daughter returned from

hospital and on the first morning I thought I would go crazy as she had me running up the stairs to her room every few minutes.

Then I left our radio in her bedroom and found myself free to get on with my work. Whenever I peeped round the door she was playing happily with her toys against the background of music and voices.

Did they make her forget her loneliness?—MRS. A. BEARCROFT, St. Austell Drive, Ruddington Lane, Nottingham.

Answer Came Pat

The queue habit has survived in England when it is often unnecessary ("Free Speech," May 16).

I once went to Ireland and queued up for tea at the station refreshment room.

One man complained to the girl behind the counter that someone else was being served first.

"Sure there's no queueing here, I serve who I like when I like," said the girl with a smile. We stared at her as if she were either mad or a criminal.—F. WOOD, Mandrake Road, London, S.W.17.

TWO OF NEXT WEEK'S SPARKLING ARTICLES

The private life of

SERGEANT BILKO

How Phil Silvers won fame as TV's favourite scoundrel

What are the limits of HYPNOTISM?

Most mums with washing machines use Persil

- Persil keeps rollers running smoothly—prevents the sticking sometimes caused by harsh detergents
- Persil gives long-lasting lather which never gets out of control and spills over, and never clogs the action of spin-dryers, as does artificial detergent foam
- Persil prevents blackening of the tub
- Persil keeps important working parts rust-free and smooth-running
- PERSIL WASHES WHITER IN A WASHING MACHINE THAN OTHER POWDERS DO AT THE BOIL!

PERSIL WASHES SO MUCH WHITER! Why, Persil washes whiter in washing machines than other powders do at the boil. You get wonderful results from this new Servis, for instance. It has a turbulator wash action, handy clip-on tray to catch clothes from the left or right hand wringer, self-emptying tub and choice of colours. Servis always recommend Persil.

PERSIL washes whiter—more safely

IN ALL MAKES OF MACHINE

PWM 1450-9368

BEGINNING

The Night

They had tricked me, and I was in their hands. Now I must go on a secret mission —behind the Iron Curtain

WHEN I went in, the Little Swine had his head well down in the books. After a couple of minutes I shuffled my feet and coughed somewhat aggressively. He looked up then and said: "Yes, Nicolas?" He kept his finger ostentatiously on the line.

"I'd like a word with you if you're not too busy." I'd promised myself I wouldn't say the last bit, and to salve my pride added: "It's important."

"If it's important it won't wait," said the Little Swine humorously. "What can I do for you, Nicolas?"

"It's about money," I said, taking the seat he hadn't offered. I used to sit in it as a little boy waiting for my father. The Little Swine had been junior partner then. "I just can't manage on seven quid a week."

The Little Swine stared at me disbelievingly. "A young man with no responsibilities can't make seven pounds last seven days? What are you telling me, Nicolas? A postman with a family manages on very little more."

"Well, I can't. When I've paid for my digs and fares I've got about fifty bob left. I've got to buy clothes and—and entertainment, taking a girl out occasionally. . . ."

The Little Swine was shaking his head. "What new clothes, Nicolas? You got yourself a fine rig-out when you left the army. I myself buy a new suit only once in three years. It's the car, Nicolas. At the time I told you—a certain liability, unjustifiable extravagance. Do I have a car?"

HE waited for me to speak, smiling, knowing in his swinish little way that he'd cobbled me, and when I didn't, said: "Nicolas, be a good boy and try just for once to follow my advice. You're a boy of twenty-four—all right, a man then! When you've learned the business thoroughly you'll take up your full duties as a partner. This talk of jobs and rises is undignified in your position. You're getting a very handsome allowance. Do you think you're worth even seven pounds a week to the business at the moment?"

He paused again with his hands outstretched and a whimsical smile on his face. I'd known he'd tell me all this and Maura had told me what to reply, but for the life of me I couldn't sort the answers out. The Little Swine had known me all my life. His younger sister had been my nanny. I even used to call him Uncle Karel—it still slipped out sometimes.

I said glumly: "All I know is I can't manage. I'm borrowing all the time and I'm in debt."

"Debts? Who are you in debt to?"

There was a bill for £7 16s. outstanding at the garage for four months.

"Various people," I said. "I even had to borrow a fiver from my mother a few weeks ago."

"You should not borrow from your mother," the Little Swine said reproachfully. "You know I would always lend you the money. It is too bad to worry her. How is the sweet lady?"

"She's all right." Maminka lived in Bournemouth, and I knew I had really borrowed the money from old Imre, who lived in the same private hotel; she would merely ask him for a loan until I had repaid it.

"It is so long since I have seen her," the Little Swine said sadly. "With business so hard to find I have not had a moment for years to go and pay her a visit. Is she still so beautiful?"

"Yes," I said truthfully. She was.

"And Mr. Gabriel? His lungs?" The Little Swine inquired delicately.

"Imre's all right." There was nothing wrong with Imre's lungs. He had been in love with my mother for years and his supposed enfeeblement gave him an excuse to live in Bournemouth, too. He ran a small stamp business from the hotel.

"I must go down to see them. I will try next month after the audit."

He looked as if he meant it, so I said hastily: "She lives in the past a great deal, you know." She had always treated the Little Swine in a very condescending manner (his first job had been sweeping the floor in her father's glassworks) and had got it into her head that he was merely superintending the business until I wished to take it over.

The Little Swine took the point, but he said: "And what a past! You would hardly remember Prague, of course, but your mother was the uncrowned queen, I assure you. An enchanting lady. It is no wonder she prefers to think of those days."

He sat there with a rather lingering smile on his face, no doubt well satisfied at the changes in their respective fortunes, until he recollected himself and drew the ledger back. "Well, Nicolas, we must not think of the past but of the present and the future. There is a good one waiting for you as soon as you settle down and take an interest. Meanwhile, get rid of the car, my boy, and you will find you have money to spare."

He gave me a little nod, and automatically I stood up. I was outside his office before I realized I'd got nothing out of him. My face must have been so glum that Miss Vosper, drawing her own conclusions, tried hard to suppress her hideous delight and began sticking stamps with her enormous gargoyle tongue.

MY father had started this business, an Englishman who had worked for years in Prague where he had met and married my mother. He had set up the English end as a selling outlet for the Bohemian glassworks just before I was born, and had sent Karel Nimek, the Little Swine, over to look after it. The Germans took over the glassworks in 1938 and the London importing firm became the main business.

My father died in 1941, having made over most of his shares to the Little Swine. But he left me thirty per cent, and had come to an agreement with the Little Swine that I was eventually to be allowed an equal partnership.

Why he expected the Little Swine to honour so vague an undertaking I had never known. Since coming out of the army nearly a year before, I had been the general dogsbody of the office. My shares meant nothing, since he had never distributed any profits. Seven quid a week.

It was just on six so I picked up my mac and walked out. Collecting my car from the lock-up for the weekend was not the simple operation it might have been. The rat-faced proprietor of the garage had been growing definitely old-fashioned towards me of recent weeks.

IT was now just after six and the garage was shut. I turned in to the alley and the lock-ups. I unlocked the door, pulled out the M.G. and was just re-locking when Ratface appeared.

"Good evening," I said.

"Were you thinking of paying off your bill?"

"I'm afraid I've not brought very much money out with me."

"Well, you can push that car back and give me the key. I'm not interested in promises or excuses."

Silently I reached for my wallet and scrutinized the contents. Six pounds ten in notes; pay-day. "I could let you have a couple on account," I said.

"I've told you. I want the lot."

"I'm very sorry, Mr. Rickett. I just haven't got it. I've been trying to get the money for you."

"Well, try a bit harder," he said. "You can take it if you pay half now and your word that I get the rest by the end of next week."

Half was nearly four pounds. That meant no rent for Mrs. Nolan. Or no lunches for me, and no dates with Maura. I suddenly remembered that I was supposed to be seeing her tonight. The thought momentarily distracted me so much that I gave him the four pounds. I made one last stand. "Would you mind shoving a couple of gallons in? I think I'm rather low."

He looked at me and something that could have been a smile crossed his rat face. "Well, you're cool, I must say," he said. He unlocked the pump and let me have a gallon. "There's one," he said, "to get you off the premises."

He stood and watched me with the same smile on his face as I backed down the alley, and this tribute to my coolness, added to the pleasure of taking over the wheel, raised my spirits instantly. I backed into the road, pulled her round in two cool, snappy movements, and actually waved to him as I shot up the road. He did not return the wave.

This aged, red, strap-bound M.G. was the chink in the grimy barriers building up round me; it was, in a way, my defence against Maura. The thought of selling it made me feel sick.

I slowed at the corner and tooled along to number seventy-four. I drew into the kerb, let myself into the house, walked up the three flights. There was a note stuck under the plant on the plush tablecloth. It was in Mrs. Nolan's indelible pencil and read.

Mr. Whistler. Your young lady phoned. She said she phoned your office at 5.30. Will you ring her at home when you get in? L. Nolan.

I thought Maura could wait a bit. I hung up my mac and went out to the bathroom for a wash and came back and smoked a cigarette, sitting on the divan with my feet up. I wondered what I was going to tell Maura.

I had known her only for six months, but already, it seemed, for a lifetime. She was Irish, red-headed, and she had digs in a square off Gloucester Road, not far away. It was Maura who had given the Little Swine his sobriquet, and she who had manoeuvred me into today's confrontation.

Even worse than her constant preoccupation with the Little Swine was her mania about my Uncle Bela. Bela was my mother's brother. He had emigrated to Canada several years before the war and now lived in Vancouver. He had never married and on a trip to England to see Maminka after we had arrived from Czechoslovakia, he had told her I would be his heir.

ANY family such as mine, with European connections and relatives who have emigrated, has figures such as Bela. I had a hazy recollection of a large asthmatic man always supposed by my father to be excessively mean. It was a fact that he had never helped Maminka in any way, and the only present he had ever given her was a zircon brooch which she never wore.

Bela's name was seldom absent for long from my mother's lips; she took it for granted that he would leave me at least a dollar millionaire, and her only hinted criticism was that he had not already settled the money on me. He operated a cannery and the only reference he ever made to his financial affairs in his letters was his annual comment that the fruit was very poor and very expensive.

The cigarette burned down and I stubbed it out and reluctantly left the divan and went downstairs to the phone. Maura answered instantly.

"It's Nicolas," I said.

She made a little kiss down the phone and said: "What happened this afternoon? Did you see him?"

"Yes." Mrs. Nolan came out of her lair behind me, and I thought I might as well put across the same news item to both parties, so I said quickly: "Look Maura, I've had to pay a bill

Cunliffe got up as an enormous gorilla of a man came into the room. "This is Mr. Pavelka," he said. "And he will explain why we want you to go to Prague . . ."

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN PHILLIPS

of Wenceslas

Great new spy thriller by

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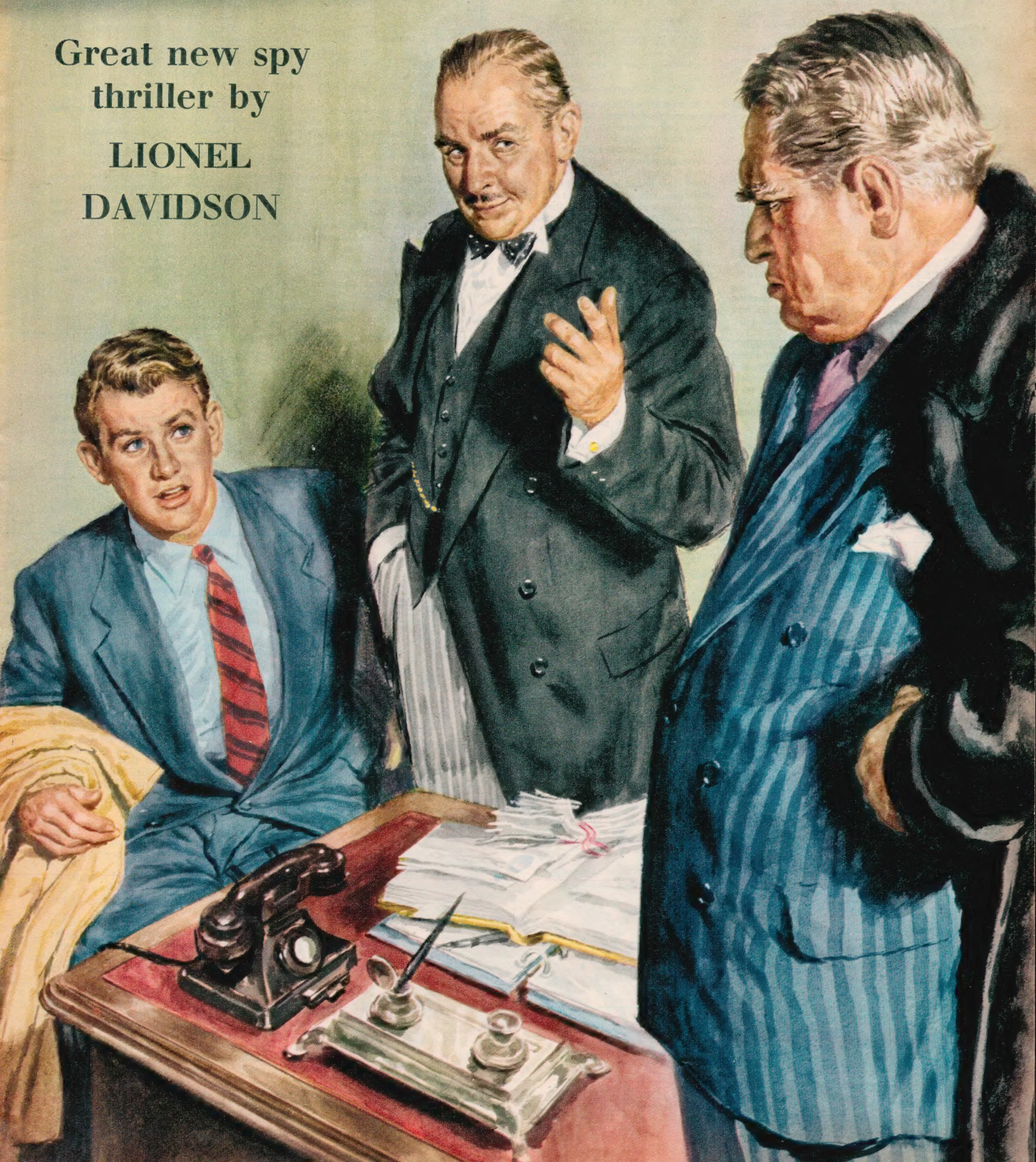

The night of Wenceslas

continued from previous page

on the car and I haven't a sausage left this week. I can't afford to buy a bottle for tonight."

"Oh, Nicolas. You can bring a bottle of beer. They brought one to my party——"

"I can't even afford a bottle of beer," I said loudly. "I'm flat broke. I'll have to do without lunches for days. I'd better not come tonight."

Maura seemed to latch on that this was intended for another, for she said without concern: "Do you want me to leave five bob at the off-licence?"

"No."

"All right. I'll see you there. What did he say?"

"All right, then. Goodbye." I hung up quickly. You had to be quick.

MRS. NOLAN was standing behind me, listening. "I wonder that young lady wants to go out with you the way you treat her on the phone," she said.

I smiled at her wanly. "I'm worried about money, Mrs. Nolan."

"No rent for me this week, I suppose."

I said stoutly: "You know I wouldn't dream of letting you down. I'll just have to borrow it elsewhere."

"Oh, I don't mind you, ducky," she said. "It's the others. Don't mention it or they'll all be going off to buy cars." She gave my arm a little push to show she meant no harm. . . .

I went to the party, but I didn't enjoy it. Maura was very difficult about my rise. I went to bed in a depressed state and when I awoke in the morning I felt slightly sick. I got up, put on a dressing gown and went into the bathroom. Saturday was eggs, I remembered, and felt worse.

I nodded briefly to the three others already eating in the dining room, sorted out my newspaper and mail from the pile on the sideboard. Among my letters was one in a long white envelope postmarked S.W.1. I opened it and read the letter and my hands began to tremble.

It was a short letter and I read it four times. It said:

Dear Sir,
With regard to the estate of the late Mr. Bela Janda, I should be glad if you would telephone this office to arrange an early appointment.
Yours faithfully,
Stephen Cunliffe.

It was an address in Francis Street, Victoria, and I went bounding up the steep and narrow stairs. I had made an appointment with Cunliffe's secretary on the phone and she, a rather severe-sounding female with a slight foreign accent, had asked me to bring along the letter and my birth certificate, passport and any other documents to establish identity. I had these in my hand as I knocked on the frosted glass door marked Inquiries and went in.

It was a small, very tidy room with a big ticking clock on the mantelpiece, a desk, a few files, and a woman whose middle-parting gave her face the appearance of a hot cross bun.

"My name is Nicolas Whistler. Mr. Cunliffe——"

"Yes, yes. I spoke to you on the telephone. You have the letters and other papers?"

I handed them over and she glanced at the letter before disappearing through an inner door. When she came out her face was wearing something like a smile. "It was necessary to establish. . . ." she murmured before I was in the room and facing Cunliffe.

I had imagined him as a huge, gimlet-eyed character but in fact he was almost a midget, a little dolly of a man who walked forward with quick, miniature steps to take my hand in his two. "Mr. Whistler?" he said, in a voice so deep and gravelly that I looked down at him in astonishment. "I am pleased to make your acquaintance. Take a seat."

I sat down, still unable to take my eyes off him.

"Cigarette?"

I took one.

HE said: "I should like to express my condolences on your bereavement. You didn't know your uncle very well, I understand?"

"No. I only met him once, actually." I was suddenly aware of Cunliffe's foreign accent; the shock of his appearance and voice hadn't made it register.

"I knew him very well indeed. A fine man. He had a heart attack on Wednesday afternoon and died the same evening." The eyes when you looked at them were large and intelligent. "You are the first member of the family I have informed. I believe he was very close to your mother? Perhaps there is some older person you would wish to break the news to her. . . ."

"Yes, there's a Mr. Gabriel who lives in the same hotel in Bournemouth. That's a good idea," I said, ashamed that I had not thought of this aspect.

Cunliffe fiddled with some papers on his desk. "You know, I suppose, that you figure in Mr. Janda's will?"

I licked my lips. "I'd heard he was thinking of leaving me something."

"He has. The lot," said Cunliffe. He sat smiling at me. "I am not able to give you a complete figure, of course, but I can give you a general idea of the size of the estate if you would like?" Correctly interpreting my semi-paralytic jerk as an affirmative, he went on: "In cash and securities—the lesser part of the estate—it is thought that he left something in the region of seventeen or eighteen thousand pounds. The greater part of the estate consists of the cannery, transport and so forth, together with a fair-sized fruit farm."

"Supposing—supposing I wanted to dispose of it. Is that possible?"

"Certainly. You are the absolute legatee." He looked down at his papers again. "The last valuation was taken in nineteen fifty-one before he bought the fruit farm. It is surmise only but I would say the whole estate now would realize roughly four hundred thousand dollars. Of course it is subject to death duties——"

"Four hundred thousand——"

"About a hundred and forty thousand pounds."

I felt faint. I tried to listen as Cunliffe went on to give me a brief, smiling lecture on the best way to hang on to a legacy. He ended by suggesting that I might like a little on account. I had been wondering how to frame this question and accepted eagerly.

"A hundred or two, perhaps?"

"Two hundred would do fine."

"I expect you would like to take cash now," he said, looking at his watch. "I had better ask Miss Vogler to slip out for you. Five-pound notes?"

Bunface slipped out and soon returned with the money. Cunliffe then produced two documents which he folded over for me to sign. "I had a suspicion you might like something in advance," he said, smiling wryly. "Just your name, here and here. You see. I have filled in the exact sum—it is intuition."

I SIGNED, hypnotized by the fivers fluttering around me as Cunliffe counted them out. The efficient Bunface whipped away the papers.

"Thirty-eight, thirty-nine, forty," Cunliffe said. "There. Are you satisfied with my count?"

"Perfectly." I could hardly keep my hands off them.

A couple of minutes later he was telling me that he would communicate with me as soon as he had more news, and was taking my hand in his two again. "Think," he said, his eyes twinkling. "Mr. Janda left certain funds with me. But think before you spend. A little splash would be understandable, but don't throw it all away."

I don't remember going down the stairs. I found myself in the M.G. There was a clear necessity to take myself swiftly off to some place of solitude with this miraculous two hundred quid and work out a few first principles.

I drove to Henley, and by a quarter past one was sitting slowly sipping a pint of beer and watching the swans. The young master had come into his own with a vengeance. I could almost feel the gigantic sack of loot on my shoulder.

It was not until I was sipping my second pint that I approached cautiously the problem of Maura.

I hadn't wanted to tell her about the letter. I didn't want to tell her just yet about the money. The presence of the money meant (a) that it was time for positive action with regard to our relationship, and (b) that Maura would have ideas on what should be done with the money.

So long as I hadn't been in a position to marry the girl she had seemed, no doubt about it, a very desirable one. But now——

I blew out my cheeks and considered. Marriage was a serious business, and Maura had many defects. She was too damned bossy for one thing.

All in all, it seemed to me, I needed to give this more thought; which, in its turn, meant keeping the news to myself for a while.

I tooled gently back to town. I thought I might buy Maminka a present, might run down to Bournemouth with it this evening; might even run down now. At this point I recalled Cunliffe's advice to pass the tidings through Imre, and pulled up at the first phone box to put through a call. He came to the phone right away, and I said: "Hallo, Uncle, it's Nicolas."

"Nicolas," he said breathlessly. "It

continued on page 34

Each time I tried to kiss Maura during our picnic that afternoon she held me off. "Why Nicolas," she said. "What's happened to you?"

Joan Littlewood likes to shock—with tough shows that are larger than life. There's no room for the squeamish

Producer Joan Littlewood (left), sitting next to general manager Gerald Raffles, with some of Theatre Workshop's cast. When times were hard, the café gave them free meals

The woman who is shaking up the theatre

by ROBERT HOLLES

This week Theatre Workshop's production of Brendan Behan's play, *The Hostage*, opens in London's West End. The Lord Chamberlain made forty-two cuts in the author's script

BRICKLAYERS putting up a new post office building in Stratford, East London, two years ago, were almost ready to knock off for their tea break. One of them looked at his watch. When he looked up again he was confronted by a short, stocky woman with dark mobile eyes set in a plumpish face.

The woman was joined by five or six strange-looking companions who picked their way carefully over the rubble. She introduced herself as Joan Littlewood, producer of the Theatre Workshop group, and her companions as members of the company.

"We're doing a play about a building site, so we'd like you to tell us something about the trade," she said.

The bricklayer and his mates readily obliged. In their free time they went to the theatre and continued their instruction on the set. When the play—*You Won't Always Be On Top*—was produced, the actors were thoroughly versed in bricklaying and knocking up cement. Only one departure from the real thing was allowed: an actor who had to scuttle up and down ladders throughout the performance was permitted to fill his hod with special lightweight bricks.

In 1953 Theatre Workshop settled permanently at the Theatre Royal, Stratford, after eight years of touring Britain and the Continent. Since then Joan Littlewood has successfully launched a new type of theatre on a public which is still getting over the shock.

Her productions are simple and direct. Dialogue is shorn of any purely "poetical" quality. The settings are realistic, and the action of the plays themselves usually concerns the more sordid side of life.

In a recent musical, *Fings Ain't Wot They Used T'Be*, the stage swarms with prostitutes, pimps, ponces, queers, old lags and Teddy Boys. Frank Norman, the author, is himself a razor-scarred ex-convict. But in spite of the seamy atmosphere of most of the company's productions, an optimistic approach to life is always in evidence.

"We act on the assumption," says Gerry Raffles, general manager of the group, "that if you didn't think life was worth living you'd go out and cut your throat."

The style of the group's productions is in complete contrast to conventional theatre techniques in the West End, where most new British plays are still based on a formula which has been in vogue for more than fifty years.

In the majority of West End dramatic productions the settings are decorative and ornamental. French windows open on to attractive lawns. In tastefully furnished, book-lined sitting-rooms, actors and actresses with B.B.C. accents and apparently unlimited bank accounts engage each other in stylish verbal wit. The atmosphere is nearly always polite, attuned to the taste of a sophisticated, upper-middle class audience.

Music hall mixture

Raffles points out that since the music hall died there has been no popular form of live theatre to replace it. Therefore the great mass of working class people who once supported the variety theatres—which reflected their own way of life—are now left with no form of live entertainment. Theatre Workshop is designed as a mixture of music hall and straight theatre, aimed at attracting popular audiences.

The audience itself is frequently brought into the act. In one scene in *Fings Ain't Wot They Used T'Be* the ceiling is expected to fall down at any moment. One character walks to the footlights and tells the front row, "I wouldn't sit there if I was you."

Most of the new plays performed by the company are received originally as nothing more than rough drafts of dialogue. One, handwritten in Sussex dialect by a Hastings builder, had to be deciphered by the author in person. This raw material is taken apart, developed, and flayed into dramatic form during rehearsals, at which Joan Littlewood, the author and members of the cast improvise freely around the original script.

Many lines are invented by the actors. Whole scenes are manufactured on the spot. Topical allusions are often written in from day to day. During rehearsals for *You Won't Always Be On Top*, the Russians sent up Sputnik I. At the next rehearsal a builder's labourer picked up a length of drainpipe, looked through it at the roof and commented: "She's slowing down."

The final act hadn't been written two days before the play was due to open; for the first performance it was still at an early stage of construction. A week

The woman who is shaking up the theatre

continued from previous page

later the same act was hardly recognizable, and it was still changing from day to day. The company was prosecuted by the Lord Chamberlain's office for altering the script after it had been approved for public performance. The result was a £5 fine.

Joan Littlewood regards every rehearsal as a period of creative activity and refuses to allow anyone near the stage who is not taking part actively in the creating. When a B.B.C. television team went to the theatre recently to record a programme about the company's work, the assistant producer went to the stage during a rehearsal, to set up his equipment. Before he understood what was happening he was hauled across the footlights, a page of script was thrust into his hand and he was acting a part in a play.

Bawdy language

Realism is considered vital. In productions of Shakespeare's plays, the poetry and rhythm of the language is made secondary to the meaning of the words. "If an actor can't understand what his lines are supposed to mean," says Raffles, "we usually leave them out or cut them. It's no use having a theatre if you don't know what the plays are about."

The players are taught to move all the time, so that their performance is more spontaneous and flexible. If a member of the cast gets stuck with a part during rehearsals, all the other members will act it for him. "That way we get some good ideas," says Raffles.

Although the language is frequently bawdy, few members of the audience object.

Complaints about vulgarity are usually confined to Shakespeare plays and other classical productions. A local councillor referred to a play by John Marston, the seventeenth-century playwright, as "a three hundred year old lavatory."

A more recent play—*Van Call*—was written by a Stratford journalist and set in the surrounding streets. To give full authenticity to the production, a woman who sold fruit from a barrow outside the theatre all day was asked to continue her trade on the stage at night.

"She was very much larger than life," says Avis Bunnage, "and insisted on loudly trying to sell me fruit all the time I was trying to say my lines. In the end I had to tell her to go away."

When Joan Littlewood and her colleagues first went to Stratford, the theatre was derelict and the company virtually bankrupt. Its members were so poor that some of them lived in their dressing-rooms at the theatre. A local café owner provided free meals, but local audiences were uninterested and the company played to empty houses.

Soon finances sank so low that Joan Littlewood was unable to keep a cast rehearsing for long enough to produce a play. In the summer, the entire company moved to Essex and camped on the estate of a sympathizer, working on farms for two days a week and rehearsing for the remaining five.

Shoestring scenery

Sets for each production were built of odd equipment scrounged locally or picked up by the company in its travels. A pew salvaged from a Welsh chapel at a cost of half a crown figured in several Shakespearean plays. Two of the spotlights were pulled out of the wreckage of an aircraft carrying equipment for an American Army film unit, which had crashed on a hillside in the Peak District.

The set for one play was knocked up by the company for about £35, and consisted largely of railings borrowed from Hyde Park—with the permission of the Minister of Works. When the play was transferred to the West End, a similar set cost £700.

In 1956 the Arts Council started to make an annual contribution of £1,000 to the company's finances, after eight East London boroughs had agreed to donate a similar sum between them. Local audiences began to improve and the average run of each production rose from two to four weeks.

But the company didn't finally get into its stride until the arrival on the scene of Brendan Behan—a burly, rumbustious, beer-swilling Irish playwright who had served his literary apprenticeship in the bars of Dublin and Paris, and in a Borstal Institution and various prisons as a result of his activities as an I.R.A. terrorist.

Behan's wife found the script of his first play, *The Quare Fellow*, in the bottom of a basket of dirty washing, after it had been rejected by virtually every theatre management in London. She sent it to Joan Littlewood, who immediately accepted it.

Later, Behan was asked to come over from Ireland to work on the script. He replied that he couldn't afford the fare. The money was forwarded to him by the management, but the playwright failed to arrive. Raffles sent an urgent message asking why Behan hadn't turned up. Behan replied that just as he was about to go out and buy the ticket, a crowd of Australian-Irish had called on him, and the money had been spent in celebrating their visit.

Shortly after the play began its run, two British soldiers were captured by the Cyprus terrorists and held as hostages. Joan Littlewood, moved by their plight, asked Behan to write a play on the theme. He replied that he knew nothing about Cyprus, but would write about a similar incident in which the I.R.A. was involved. This play—*The Hostage*—was produced by Theatre Workshop the following year, after the Lord Chamberlain had made forty-two cuts in the script.

Extra solo items

A few nights after the first performance Behan arrived at the theatre in the middle of a performance, sat among the audience and began loudly haranguing the actors—he claimed that one of the characters, an Irish peasant woman, was his grandmother. On subsequent nights, at the end of the last act, he frequently entertained the audience with a raucous rendering of Irish songs.

This week, as Theatre Workshop opens with *The Hostage* at Wyndham's Theatre, West End audiences are wondering whether Behan will invade the theatre in the same way.

Since the success of Behan's plays and that of *A Taste Of Honey* by the nineteen-year-old Salford girl, Shelagh Delaney, Joan Littlewood has been bombarded with scripts from doctors, schoolmasters, sailors, boilermakers and elderly ladies. In April the company was invited to represent Great Britain at an international drama festival in Paris. Last year more than six hundred actors applied to join the staff. Few succeeded.

"When we employ actors who have had all their experience in the West End, they have to forget all they have learned and start again," says Raffles.

Some theatre critics regard the new style as a fresh wind which is likely to blow away many established theatre traditions that have become painfully out of date. Others regard it as an unruly gust which will shortly blow itself out.

The public is so far uncommitted. When *A Taste Of Honey* was produced at Stratford, seventy per cent of the audience were locals. But soon after the production was transferred to Leicester Square, one liberal-minded supporter of the company arrived in the second row of the stalls in his shirt sleeves.

His neighbours complained to the management. He was politely requested to leave. THE END

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Issue No. *1973 BRITISH GOOD HOUSEKEEPING INSTITUTE GUARANTEES

The shock of losing was too much. He set fire to the roulette table

If you broke the bank at Monte Carlo . . .

you'd be the luckiest gambler in history. But you can still have fun—and win—if you know how

by CHRISTOPHER BELL

GAMBLING is both a passion and a pastime and if you fancy yourself as a gambler, one of the half million who last year passed through the great gilded rooms of the Monte Carlo Casino, there are things you ought to know about the place and what makes it work, things you won't find in the guidebooks.

Before entering that great wedding cake pile by the shore of the Mediterranean, drop into the hall of the Hotel de Paris opposite and stroke the statue of the Sun King, Louis XIV, especially his horse's left foreleg. Generations of gamblers have done it although Casino authorities swear there is nothing in it. But it's as well to do it. It costs nothing and it's a nice gesture.

As you go up the steps, purposefully if you can, so that Alphonse the doorman touches his cap to you, remember one thing: the Casino welcomes gamblers—all gamblers. It is for them that it has stood since April Fools' Day, 1863. Without them and their two-shilling bets business is bad and Aristotle Onassis, the principal shareholder, wants to know why.

Everywhere you will meet with exquisite politeness, good manners and a welcoming smile. Provided you are over twenty-one, are dressed decently —a lounge suit will do—and carry your passport, you are in.

First you turn left into the "office." There, behind a high desk, sit four or five gentlemen in black who take your particulars.

They have good memories, but nothing like as good a memory as the Monte Carlo card index, some of which stands behind them and contains over four million names, from Ivan Ivanovich Kikin to Tom Brown.

First, they'll look you up in the files, just to make sure that you are not of the "undesirables," like the fellow last summer who, when he lost, set fire to the roulette table; or like the two journalists who, for a bet, stole a 10,000-franc chip only to be met at the door by a lady policeman who knew a few judo tricks.

Everybody who enters the Casino has to make up his mind whether to go with the crowd or with the select few. As one of the crowd you can pay 2s. 6d. a day or 12s. a week for a ticket for the "salons ordinaires," the huge main room known as "The Kitchen" where small gamblers go.

There the floors have no carpets, the ladies no mink and the tables no ashtrays. Five shillings a day or 22s. 6d. a week gets you into the "salons privés," to rub shoulders with Vittorio de Sica, ex-King Farouk, Stavros Niarchos and, once upon a time, Lady Docker.

Now you have pocketed your passport and your ticket; you walk through the huge halls and towards the door marked "Salle de Jeux." Close by stand two men who give you a tired smile as you walk past. Have a close look at them: you will never remember them as they'll remember you, for these two men are the famous "visagistes" of the Casino, the men who collect faces and never forget them.

Eleven officials share these duties. Two of them have watched people going in for fifty years and they are reputed to recognize you if you go in twice. As likely as not they'll remember your name, too. Long ago in the days when the Casino helped inveterate gamblers by paying their fare home when they lost their shirts, one Australian sheep farmer got home that way, worked for thirteen years and then walked blithely back into the Casino.

"Telephoned for an ambulance before blowing his brains out"

The "visagiste" stopped him and said: "Ah, Monsieur, how glad we are to see you back. . . . There is this little matter of your fare. . . ." The Australian paid up with a smile.

Just inside the gambling rooms you rub elbows with an ordinary-looking man busy fanning himself with a newspaper. If your conscience is clear don't pay any attention to him. He is one of "les occultes," a dozen men and women whose identity is unknown even to Casino employees and who "just keep an eye on things."

Floating fortune

After all, as Monsieur Ernest Pigazza, one of the Casino's sous-directeurs, told me: "At any moment on a typical day there might be £300,000 in chips floating about the rooms, without counting the cash, the jewels and the personal possessions. We have to be sure. . . ."

Now you are on your own. You can do what you like, sit, stand, smoke, drink, play or not play, write on a piece of paper (but not take pictures or sound recordings), watch your fellow men and try your luck. Whether what you hold is a two-bob chip or the recently introduced £2,000 plaque you are in and the sky is the limit.

Within the two main rooms are eighteen roulette tables, eight "trente et-quarante," a card game, two "craps games" which Casino authorities borrowed from Las Vegas a few years ago to attract American tourists, and in the inner sanctum of a room partitioned off by heavy curtains, a chemin de fer table and the famous banque table where the world's most famous gamblers sit down, by invitation only, and where, between 10 p.m. and midnight every night there is a certain amount of heavy breathing as a single gambler might win or lose as much as £80,000.

Now your hand itches and you want to try your lucky number. Bear in mind the Casino's fatherly advice. It is sound because the Casino always wins in the end.

"Gamblers," one director told me, "are ordinary people with just one difference: they leave their brains behind in their luggage."

Since there are no casinos in Britain and you are probably a beginner, assume that you will start by playing roulette, the most popular, the most chancy game of all, but the one where the uninitiated at least stands an equal chance of winning.

There are thirty-seven numbers on the green baize from zero to thirty-six and two hundred francs on a winning square will get you 7,200 francs or thirty-six times your bet. Other odds will be seventeen to one, eleven or eight depending on whether you have placed your chip on the line between two numbers ("à cheval"), on three numbers across the board ("transversale") or at the intersection of four numbers ("en carré").

You'll soon get to learn the lingo used by the croupiers, three of them, sitting at each end of the table. "Faites vos jeux" you can freely translate as "come on, let's get going." "Rien ne va plus" as "don't you dare put another chip on the table." "Messieurs, les boules passent," i.e. "the other fellow's going to spin the ball from now on."

Now here are a few do's and don'ts. Don't place your bet yourself unless it's right in front of you. In case there is an argument afterwards, and some people make a speciality of claiming bets placed haphazardly, the croupier will be on your side if he has placed your bet himself.

Don't touch anything on the table. The croupiers do that expertly, with their little wooden rakes. If your number comes up, don't shout, "That's it, Maisie, we've won!" It's not necessary and is bad form. The real gambler, his face pasty white with what is called casino tan, takes pride in acknowledging neither winnings nor losses. His tired eyelids might just give one extra flicker of interest.

Raise a finger

When it comes to paying out and the croupier touches your bet just raise a finger and say "ici." He already knows where you are anyway. If you have made a nice win, say 7,200 francs for two hundred and want to thank the house, casually throw just one or two chips in the direction of the croupier at the far end of the table.

The croupiers are all fine, upstanding citizens of Monaco who are well paid and do a hard job very well indeed. After ten months at a croupier's school in the basement of the Casino, when older hands throw all the gambling tricks at them, and years in the chair

Hand cut for success

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Hepworths

Where the *GOOD CLOTHES* come from

103 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1

AND IN MOST OF THE LEADING TOWNS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY

M19

continued from page 13

they don't make mistakes. Temptation never bothers them.

The roulette wheel is also above suspicion. The Casino makes enough profit without tampering with the wheel. All wheels, made of rosewood, inert metal and ivory, are manufactured on the premises and they are gauged within 1,000th of an inch. Every morning a little man with a bag of tools enters the gambling rooms and before an impressive array of casino brass proceeds to lay a spirit level on each roulette wheel to make sure it's nice and level.

That dates back to the day in the early thirties when a British engineer who had spent ten days watching a particular roulette wheel made up his mind that it was unbalanced and that the little white ball tended to flutter into the same slots. He began to play. The first day he made £3,000. The second, £11,000 while Casino officials mopped their brows. The third day the wheel was changed and he quit.

Your golden dream

If, holding a few pounds worth of chips, you enter the Casino hoping to break the bank, remember what the Casino men say.

Monsieur Pigazza told me: "Nobody breaks the bank at Monte Carlo. It is a matter of pride with us that within living memory nobody has done it." Let's say that it is possible but highly improbable.

Just before ten every morning, with many of the Casino's 240 officials present, two men climb the stone stairs from the vault carrying a heavy wooden box, reinforced with corner irons and called a "cercueil," or a coffin.

It has double locks. The "inspecteur des jeux" has one key and the "chef de table" another.

Between the two locks there is a piece of white paper. If the paper is intact—it always is—they open the "cercueil" and take out the £5,000 in chips which is every table's "Mise en banque" or starting kitty.

That's for an ordinary roulette table. At the "banque" table the kitty starts at £30,000 and sometimes more when a heavy gambler is known to be present. Naturally, at any table, the game might go against the house. Supposing that at a 200-francs table there are a few lucky people betting the maximum of 6,000 francs (to win 210,000) on a few squares each.

"Then," says Monsieur Pigazza, "we might take a few hard knocks but we carry on." As the kitty melts to £2,000, the inspector rings a little bell and more chips are brought, lined up on the table and added to the kitty. It might be another £2,000 or even £10,000.

One evening not long ago when American film magnate Jack Warner was playing "banque" with a winning streak, the kitty had to be raised to £100,000 before luck turned and "la maison" managed to get some of its chips back.

Nobody knows exactly what the Casino's liquid reserves are, but the figure is reputed to be £500,000, available within fifteen minutes. Nice money if you can win it.

The Monte Carlo Casino is no place to pass buttons for chips. All the plastic chips are made at a secret French factory specially for the Casino. The higher ones, from 10,000 upwards, have a secret filigree inside which only a special X-ray instrument can reveal and they are inspected periodically.

There is nothing to prevent you from taking a chip away as a souvenir and you can exchange it at any casino along the Riviera coast. But if you walk away with a one million plaque, its number has been taken.

Asked whether a small gambler has any real chance of making big profits, Casino people philosophically shrug their shoulders. One of them said: "You get out of life what you put in. It's the same with gambling." In other words, if you start with five pounds and win fifty, think yourself extremely lucky but don't expect to win £300, though it is possible.

Before you went off to the Casino, people will have told you about systems—especially the ones that win every time and can't miss. Don't believe it. There is no such thing.

Bear in mind the fact that nearly one hundred years ago François Blanc, the founder of the Monte Carlo Casino, instituted a wager of £50,000 for anyone who would discover an infallible system. The money's there for the getting. Nobody's even claimed it yet.

But systems do flourish. Systems and rabbits' feet and lucky medals and magic words and plain old-fashioned prayer. All over Monsieur Blanc's premises you will see people making notes and watching, watching and making notes. They look knowledgeable, full of concentration. But as Monsieur Pigazza says: "If their systems worked they wouldn't be here. They'd be enjoying their money somewhere else."

There are no systems for winning on numbers, though twenty-two and thirty-two have each turned up six times in succession recently and seventeen five times. The most popular numbers are thirteen, seventeen and twenty-nine, for some reasons best known to people's gambling instinct. Otherwise your guess is as good as anyone else's.

The simplest system, and it is such a childish practice that it can hardly be called a system, is to follow the colours.

All Casino hands know that colours do tend to go in series, four times red, five times black, six times red, eleven times black and so on with a few upsetting variations in between.

If you watch carefully and cleverly decide when a series has started you can win quite regularly by jumping in and out of colour series just at the right time. But don't count too much on it. Above all remember that at roulette the percentage in favour of the house is 5.26.

Another simple and well-tried system is doubling up when you lose. It works —sometimes—but you have to have a strong heart and, if you carry the principle far enough, a bottomless pocket.

If you start with two hundred francs, lose and double, remember that after ten successive losses, a not-at-all impossible thing, your next stake will be 204,800 francs, about £180. Is it worth the blood pressure?

Found wanting

There are many other systems, most of them based on slide rule calculations, most of them tried and found wanting.

Remember above all the Casino man's philosophy: "Winning is a fluke; losing is the rule. If they win they come back to see if their luck still holds. If they have lost they come back to recoup. . . ."

Winning or losing, you eventually have to leave the Casino. There are two exits: one leads up the incredibly beautiful gardens of the Casino to the glamour shops of the Boulevard des Moulins, where temptation is of another kind. The second is via the Casino's terrace with its dark trees silhouetted against the night sky and its rocky foundations going down to the sea's edge.

That's the way, it seems, that unlucky gamblers use. Not long ago one of them jumped into the sea and another, with full presence of mind, telephoned for a stretcher before he blew his brains out.

The best way is to take gambling with a pinch of salt. That's the right attitude. Listen to the final advice Casino habitués often give: "The secret is to know how much one can afford to lose. If you lose that, go. If you win, put your original stake well away into your wallet and play with the Casino's money. Stash your winnings away bit by bit. Then go and buy yourself a present to remember us by." And it's not such bad advice at that.

THE END

GILBERT HARDING SAYS...

Say it with flowers —*naturally*

I HAVE always delighted in flowers. Because I like them so much, I do not often submit them to the indignity of adorning me, as buttonholes, but I love to give them away and I enjoy receiving them.

Ever since I was a small boy I have had faith in the power of flowers to turn away feminine wrath. I discovered their magic power by, quite spontaneously and very successfully, holding out a fistfull of battered daisies to a very angry woman.

This early learned bit of lifemanship I applied years later when I had to interview that very formidable woman, Dr. Marie Stopes.

She had just published a book on sleep. I did not see any danger of our being drawn into rabid controversy on *that* subject, but Dr. Stopes was not so sure. Much pressure had to be exercised before she would consent to see me.

When I arrived I had behind my back a bunch of freesias, warm and glowing in their lovely colours on that winter morning. Those flowers did the trick. They brought tears to the brown eyes of that sensitive and remarkable woman; her hostility quickly melted away.

I am for ever buying flowers. I buy them for women who appear on B.B.C. programmes with me. To people who feed me at their tables I say "thank you" with flowers.

As a bachelor who often has to arrange his own flowers, I was interested to read, not long ago, of the success of Mrs. Joan Compton, of Winchelsea.

Mrs. Compton went to a great flower show in Paris with some flowers from her English garden, arranged them pleasingly, and very modestly forgot all about the competition, with no thought of a prize or any publicity to follow.

So light-hearted

Next day everybody was looking for her to tell her that she had beaten all comers from seven nations and had won a gold cup for flower arrangement.

I was particularly pleased by her triumph because she seems to have been so sensible and light-hearted about it all.

Even husbands must have noticed that, both in town and country, there is what I can only call a craze among women for competitive flower arrangement. Clubs have sprung up everywhere. At Chelsea Flower Show a large section is now given over to these ingenious and sometimes lovely arrangements of living flowers.

Unlike Mrs. Compton, many of the women who have been swept into this new and popular cult have lost their sense of proportion.

After all, British women have "done the flowers" and made no great song and dance about it for centuries. But now that this minor domestic art has become exhibitionist and competitive, flowers are no longer loved for themselves and arranged simply, to bring out their fleeting and individual beauty. They are mangled and messed about, and tortured into complicated structures that are about as spontaneous as an Ascot hat.

There is too much over-reaching for effect to catch some judge's eye.

Chi-chi nonsense

Flower arrangement, after all, is for the home. If foolish people try to make it as solemn as a Test match, let them. Some of the prize-winning concoctions I have seen recently would look far too set and splendid in the dressing-room even of someone as exotic as, say, Marlene Dietrich. (I have sent her flowers; simple ones.)

Too many "rules" and chi-chi nonsense have grown up around the simple, personal act of flower arrangement. "You can never have tall flowers in a dining-table decoration." Why not? I have seen them at the dining-table of that queen of florists, Mrs. Constance Spry.

I was delighted to see in Mrs. Spry's new book, *Favourite Flowers*, that she, too, sounds a warning note against making flower arrangement too hide-bound and formal.

I once asked Mrs. Spry: "Don't my mutton-fisted arrangements of flowers make you shudder?"

Very firmly she replied: "*Any* deliberate flower arrangement pleases me. It means that whoever did it is interested in flowers and gets pleasure from them. Interest is the important thing. Skill may come later." I found that encouraging.

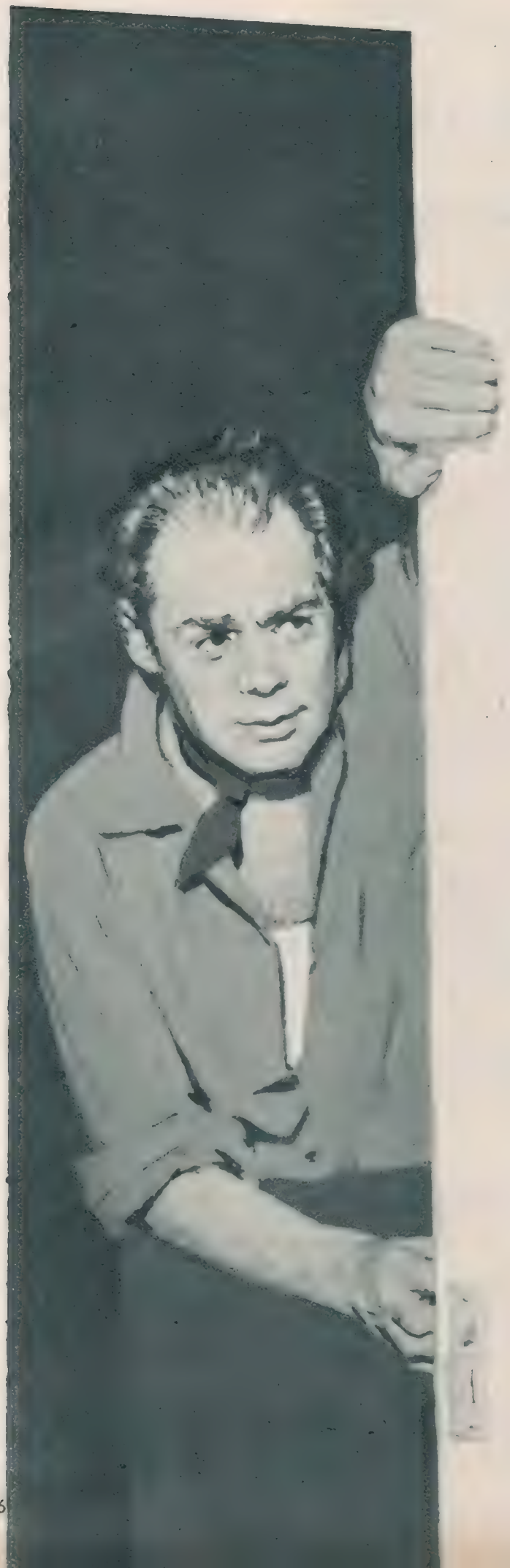
Do not run away with the idea that to have flowers in your home is a costly luxury. When she was younger and poorer, Constance Spry found superb and lovely flowers (*not* "material," that is a vile way of considering any flower) even in the hedgerows and the vegetable garden.

She once had to do the decorations in the ballroom of a great London hotel. Mrs. Spry sent the manager's eyebrows up when she arrived with a vanload of cow parsley. "And very lovely it looked," she adds.

"With flowers, and when you are cooking, if you will only take trouble, you have not to be rich to do yourself proud." That is Mrs. Spry's philosophy. And it is mine, too.

THE END

What could a girl who was young and lovely want with a recluse like Lew? Something, perhaps, that he'd never dreamed of . . .



Most of the people who farmed the gravelly flats beyond the Birrawadi River were inclined to be shy and insular. They were isolated not only from the activities of the rest of the district but also from each other, because their hungry farms were widely spaced, so as to take advantage of what little good country there was.

Lew Martin's place was the farthest out, at the end of a wandering track which led only to his property. He lived alone.

He was a tall thin man, with a slouching walk which gave no indication of the stringy strength of his loose frame. He had been on the place for about twenty years, and he had become more and more silent as the years went by until, at the age of forty-eight, he had all the characteristics of a hermit. He had even reached the stage of slipping quietly into the scrub to avoid contact with such neighbours as he occasionally sighted.

The small herd of dairy cattle he ran were poor scrubs, weak and miserable with rickets through licking the sticky gum of the zamia palms which infested the place. Everyone in the district had to contend with the palms, which they poisoned by driving the point of a steel crowbar into the heart and pouring kerosene into the hole.

Every second day, Lew loaded his small can of cream on to his wobbly-wheeled spring cart and took it down to the pick-up on the road. Unless he was urgently in need of some item of stores he did not wait for the butter factory truck to come along, but just left the can in its shelter and returned home.

His house was built on an approved Government pattern, as all the houses in the district had once been, being legacies of an abortive Group Settlement scheme which had never had a chance of success. There were still one or two abandoned blocks beyond Booria Creek, the houses gradually disintegrating. But the houses on the farms which were occupied had been altered and added to, to suit the whims of their owners or the exigencies of increasing families, until the original framework became nothing but an unrecognizable nucleus. Lew Martin's place remained unaltered, a square four-roomed box of jarrah weather-board, the outside silver grey and warping in the fierce Australian sun, its immediate surroundings a desert of dust in the summer and a quagmire in the winter.

Returning from the pick-up, Lew fixed himself a meal, then, with a pointed steel bar and a can of kerosene, he went out to poison palms. But sometimes he spent so long sharpening up the bar that it hardly seemed worth while starting. If he did start, he did the job half-heartedly, merely attacking the paddocks near at hand, filling in time until the evening milking. That finished and the small yield put through the separator, he ate again by the light of a smoke-dimmed lamp which he was always intending to clean up. Then with the whole evening before him he brought out his accordion and laboriously picked out tunes, sending the straggling notes to join the little night-noises of the bush. And the years went by, and the palms still grew. . . .

Once a month, shaved and wearing washed jeans, he made a trip to the township for stores. He cut through the scrub most of the way, but he had to join the road near the Wardlows' place. He was unable to avoid that, but it was built well back off the road and if he saw anybody around he only had to wave.

This was one of the houses which had been very much altered as it had to cope with a family of six boys and four girls. Probably Wardlow himself would have found it hard to recall what the original structure had been like. The sprawling effect of the place was very pleasant, shaded by redgums and banksia, and was vastly different from the gaunt austerity of Lew's.

On the last two trips, Lew had noticed one of the girls on the veranda, and had nervously returned her wave. He could not decide which one it was, because as far as his recollection went the oldest of them was just a youngster, and this one seemed almost grown up.

Next time he went by, he was nearly panicked into pulling off into the scrub, because she was sitting by the gate at the side of the road. She jumped up when he came in sight, and greeted him with a smile.

"Hallo, Mr. Martin. Warm, isn't it?"

Lew had to pull up. "Yair. 'Tis," he said. Without actually looking at her, he was aware of her being a girl of about seventeen, slim and straight-backed, with a glowing face from which smiled the brownest and friendliest eyes he had ever seen.

He had almost decided that she must be a visiting relative of the Wardlows when she laughed pleasantly and said: "We don't see you very often, 'cept on the road. I bet you don't even know me."

Lew gave a bashful wriggle. "Well, now. I. . . ."

Still laughing, but in a nice way which he liked, she helped him out.

"I'm Kathy," she said.

It took him a moment or two to grasp it. He remembered Kathy as the oldest girl, but he had dimly imagined her still at school. He reddened and looked at his horse's ears as though he had never before realized it had any, as he muttered: "Yair. 'Course."

She stood by the wheel of the cart looking up at him. She said: "I hoped I'd see you go by. Dad won't be going in this week, and I wondered if you'd mind picking up a parcel for me at Simm's. Will you, please?"

Lew looked down into the warm brown eyes and swallowed. "Sure," he said. "I'll do that."

"Oh, thanks. I'll wait for you, coming back. . . ."

"No need. I can leave it at the gate," he blurted out, and reddened again in case that sounded unfriendly. But she did not seem offended. "Well, I'll look out for you, anyway." She stepped back. "So long."

" 'Bout eleven, say," he mumbled, and with a nod he shook up the horse and went on. Without turning round, he felt sure that she was standing watching him. Which, in fact, she was, with a considering and calculating expression which would have puzzled him if he had seen it.

On the way in, Lew went over every word of the encounter carefully. She was a real nice girl, that. Called him Mr. Martin, as though—his horse shook a protesting head as he slapped the reins. "Gosh," he muttered seriously. "Mister! Spare me days, I ain't all that old. Kathy. . . ."

He collected her parcel at the store, and forgot half of the things he intended to get for himself.

All the way back Lew was half hoping and half afraid that she wouldn't be at the gate, but she was there, waiting. He thrust the parcel at her.

"Thanks very much. It's real kind of you. . . ."

"S'nothing."

She glanced into the cart. "You don't have to bring the load of stuff Dad does, for

Kathy didn't hear him, and he stood silent for a moment, holding

A KIND OF HUNGER

by PATRICK WINN

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

all our crowd," she laughed. "I suppose you don't need much, being on your own."

Lew shook his head. "Not much," he said. "Clean forgot to get me some spuds this time, though."

She showed quick concern. "Oh, did you? Look, we've plenty. If you'd like. . . ."

"No, don't matter." The thought of facing the whole family scared him. "No, I'll be all right."

"Sure?"

"Yair. Well . . . I'll get along."

He went on with her smile for company, and he was still thinking about her when, later that day, she drove up in her father's sulky, bringing him half a bag of potatoes. When he protested, she said she had been worried over him being short.

"They're in the back," she went on.

Lew dumped the bag on the veranda. When he turned round Kathy was eyeing the decrepit house with frank and speculative interest, and her freshness and sweetness made him more tongue-tied than ever. He had to say something, and before he knew it he had asked her if she would like a cup of tea. Even as he said it he caught his breath at the boldness of the idea, but she accepted eagerly.

"Gee, I'd love one."

"Well, er. . . ." Lew turned to the door, hoping she would wait outside because he was suddenly aware of the dirt and neglect. It was like a blackfeller's camp. But she

his breath at the sudden sight of her

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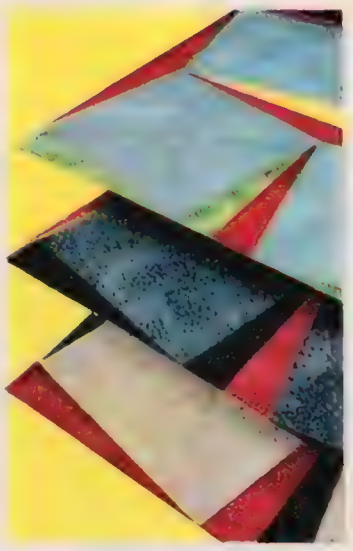

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A kind of hunger

continued from previous page

followed him in, still eyeing everything with frankly curious interest. If she was shocked by the squalor, she gave no sign.

As he made more fire under the half-boiling kettle on the stove she said: "These stoves are pretty good, aren't they? We had to get a bigger one, years ago, with all our tribe." She stood beside him to look more closely. "This should be all right for a small family, though."

"She's not bad." Lew muttered, conscious of the warm satin touch of her shoulder against his arm.

Kathy giggled unaffectedly. "That's a wonder," she said. "How long is it since you cleaned it out?"

Redfaced, Lew stammered. "Well, I sort of. . . ."

"I know. Mum says men never think of things like that."

Her happy laugh made him feel better. He was glad he had bought a slab of cake at the store that morning, and he put it on the least-cracked plate.

When they had finished Kathy gathered up the crockery and began to wash up, so naturally that he had no chance of stopping her. He leaned against the wall, spellbound by the artless grace of her easy competence.

After she had gone, promising to drop in again to show him how to make pumpkin scones, he looked round his dismal kitchen with a new awareness of its shabbiness. With a sudden burst of energy he cleaned out the stove and carted various oddments of harness and gear and tools outside.

That night, for the first time for years, the accordion was silent. Lew was experiencing the timorous birth of a dream.

KATHY came to see him several times in the next week or two. While she talked, she performed small tasks of housework as they occurred to her, with the naturalness of a farm-bred girl from a large family. And he just stood around, watching her with a joy which turned into loneliness when she left.

She always discussed the house considerингly, and so objectively that her questions and suggestions seemed more like plans. And Lew lay awake every night thinking about her, recalling everything she had said.

There was never any music from the accordion now. It lay silent and forgotten.

One day she came while he was out looking for a cow which had calved in a back paddock, and when he got back she was busily cleaning the windows, singing softly to herself. She did not hear him come in, and he stood watching the picture she made, holding his breath at the loveliness of her. He was gripped with a sudden ache which was like a hunger. It made his voice hoarse and unrecognizable when he spoke.

She smiled over her shoulder. "Hallo, Mr. Martin," she said. "Doesn't that brighten the room up, now?"

He cleared his throat. "Sure does."

HE stayed in the doorway, gulped once or twice, then said suddenly: "Reckon you could call me Lew?"

"Why, sure, if you like. Just never thought of it." She stood back to view her work. "There. What d'you think?"

"It's fine. Kathy, I. . . ."

"Have you got a rule handy?"

"Rule? Reckon I have, somewhere."

She pursed up her lips pensively. "Just wanted to measure up how much curtain stuff'd be needed for windows like these."

The redness of her mouth brought the hungry feeling surging back, and he turned quickly and went out to look for the rule. When he brought it he stood beside her while she measured the length and width. Their hands touched when she handed the rule back. She must have noticed that his was trembling, and she looked down at him.

Blood was pounding in Lew's head, drumming in his ears and drying his mouth. He reached out suddenly, but before he could touch her she had jumped down on the opposite side.

"Well, I suppose I'd better be getting home."

She spoke quite calmly, as though she noticed nothing, and when he made a stumbling step towards her she turned away with an unhurried avoidance which might have been either

continued on page 32

All these events took place in the same year—but

Which year?

ITMA went off the air with the death of Tommy Handley.

Middlesex and Yorkshire ended the season as joint cricket champions.

The society wedding of the year was the marriage of the Earl of Harewood to Miss Marion Stein.

Lieutenant-Commander Kerans defied the Communist Chinese by sailing his frigate to freedom down the Yangtze River.

In September Sir Stafford Cripps announced the devaluation of the £.

Don Bradman became Sir Don, and six months later John Barbirolli was knighted.

Sweet-rationing was restored and clothes-rationing ended.

The first jet air liner—the de Havilland Comet—had its first flight at Hatfield.

In Hungary Cardinal Mindszenty was sentenced to life imprisonment.

Nimbus won a memorable Derby in a photo-finish with Armour Drake. Nimbus also won the Two Thousand Guineas.

Among the top films of the year were *Whisky Galore*, *The Third Man*, and *Kind Hearts And Coronets*.

Now turn to page 37 for the year

by DAVID NAPIER

For a century a cosmetics factory near London had been run on family lines. The management trusted its employees implicitly. Then one day last September the production manager asked a group of girls leaving the factory whether he might examine their handbags and shopping bags.

His discovery of an assortment of lipsticks and other cosmetics taken from the production lines led to investigations which revealed pilfering on a large scale.

Articles worth more than £600 were involved. Several of the thirty-two women fined for theft said that they took the cosmetics because "everybody seemed to be doing it."

The production manager's assistant, who was fined for stealing a bottle of toilet water and a box of face powder, considered that he was in a position to take any items he wanted, as long as it did not become a habit.

Pilfering is, in fact, a national habit. In offices, factories, shops, restaurants, hotels and transport organizations, everybody — or almost everybody — seems to be doing it; and, like the assistant production manager, many believe that they can pilfer by right.

The urge to get something for nothing tempts all types of people. The milkman slips a pint of milk in his overalls; the machinist drops a length of material in her shopping bag; the office worker takes home stationery.

On the ocean liners Queen Elizabeth and Queen Mary, first-class passengers take ashtrays and ornaments. "They don't intend to steal," says a Cunard official. "They just take souvenirs." The Cumberland Hotel at Marble Arch loses several thousand pieces of cutlery a year, a high proportion of them to pilfering patrons.

At a Trust House a squadron-leader took a barometer from the hall. Like the man who packed his bed linen in his suitcase, he was politely asked to put it back. The Randolph Hotel at Oxford loses an average of 140 coathangers a year. A large hotel in the Strand in London loses several hundred towels a year, though, according to its public relations officer, many are returned by post.

Even worthless objects appeal to some pilferers. Recently, a radio-active cobalt capsule disappeared from an atomic energy exhibition in Glasgow. At first thought to be highly dangerous, the capsule was later found to be no more hazardous than the dial of a luminous watch and to be of neither use nor value to anyone outside the atomic energy establishments.

Large organizations seem more attractive to pilferers than small ones, partly because of the lack of personal relationship between the employer and employee and partly because the average pilferer has the warped idea that the larger firm won't miss what he takes.

The London offices of one international oil firm add ten per cent to their stationery requirements to allow for staff pilfering. A Midlands pet food manufacturer reckons that "employee misappropriation" of his products costs him about £10,000 a year.

Two million cups

British Railways suffer heavy losses. The catering department which serves station buffets and restaurant cars writes off two and a half million cups a year, though not all are stolen.

Not long ago, the railways installed new reading lights at shoulder level in 1,800 non-corridor coaches. In a month in the Midland Region alone 1,700 lamp brackets disappeared.

"Some of the stealing from coaches," says a railway official, "is sheer vandalism, of course. Why else would we lose hundreds of window straps every year?"

Since nationalization, all forms of pilfering have cost the railways more than £20 million. In fact, pilferage long ago ceased to be a proper description of thefts on the railway. Each year the figure paid in compensation for stolen goods has ranged between £1 million and £3 million.

From these figures it is impossible to separate the organized gangs of looters from the pilferers—pilferers like the north country passenger guard who occasionally threw attractive parcels into his own backyard as his train passed by at night.

It is similarly difficult to apportion the £10 million worth of goods stolen from shops every year among the occasional pilferers and the hardened shoplifters. "The increase in the number of self-service shops has almost certainly caused more sporadic pilfering by housewives who find their money running short towards the end of the week," says a store executive.

"The self-service counter puts a greater temptation in front of her. But we wouldn't want the name of our store associated with facts and figures about pilfering. To call housewives criminals would be bad for business."

These last remarks crystallize one of the chief problems involved in beating pilfering: in other words, it is difficult to avoid casting suspicion on innocent people when a firm starts a drive against pilfering. The result is, almost inevitably, a worsening of relations between employees and employers, or between customers and shopkeepers.

The railway unions objected vehemently to British Railways Western Region posters reminding the staff that "unauthorized removal from railway premises of coal, wood or any other articles or material belonging to the Transport Commission, irrespective of value, is forbidden."

Railwaymen tore down the posters, which they described as disgusting and un-British, and demanded an apology.

The sales director of a large cosmetics firm in East London says: "Staff pilfering is a problem, especially in the transport department. But workpeople are too hard to find—and too temperamental—for us to come out into the open and do something about it."

According to a Midlands probation officer, the attitude of a firm towards its employees sharply influences the pilfering statistics. At a cigarette factory in the town where the officer works, security officers carry out systematic checks every two to four weeks to trap pilferers. Sometimes they stop and search one in ten employees; sometimes one in fifty, and so on.

They're sacked

Detected pilferers are prosecuted, dismissed and deprived of their pension and bonus rights. "But in spite of these penalties," says the probation officer, "pilfering has gone on for years and it will continue.

"This is a firm which has poor relations with its workpeople."

Close by this factory is another which is, as the probation officer says, more employee-conscious. It offers its workers handsome discounts on the goods it sells; there are further education schemes, fine canteens, rest rooms, medical services, and good wages and conditions of employment. "There is an *esprit de corps* in the factory. The people have a sense of honour towards the firm. And, as a result, pilfering is almost non-existent."

In an effort to cut the pilferage of goods in transit, the London Chamber of Commerce held a conference of business men and port, rail, road and police officials. The conference recommended firms to improve their packaging and dispatching methods, and not to "advertise the contents of parcels to potential pilferers." There was little more that the conference could do about the problem.

Some hotel and catering establishments try the psychological approach to

continued on page 34

I held her in my arms and hung the stolen key on the hook behind her back. It was as easy as that, misfortune to me

It's a foolhardy thing to steal a policeman's horse. Especially when you're in love with his daughter

Sad, bad day for BALLYSAGGERY

by BRIAN CLEEVE

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HESELTINE

THE real beginning of the whole miserable business was the coming of Sergeant Raftery to Ballysaggery to replace old Sergeant Kieron that retired. A new police sergeant is always a hard business for a parish, the way he'll be bursting out all over with enthusiasm and ambition. But this feller! Like a maniac. A huge, ugly man with red hair growing out of his ears and hands like bats of lumpy wood, and a savagery for work that would have killed an Eskimo. Stars in heaven, there wasn't any ruffianism that sergeant wasn't up to.

And of course, he wasn't ten days in the place before he heard about the poteen still. Not where it was, of course, or who owned it. Just that it existed. But that was enough. From then on, high days and holidays he'd be quartering the mountains like a sixteen-stone greyhound, looking for a wisp of smoke to tell him where the still was, while anyone that wanted a dram of poteen to keep out the rheumatism would have to be crawling and creeping from one tuft of heather to the next, like a heathen Red Indian.

And then, after about a month of all this torment and turmoil, when half the lads in the parish including myself were thinking of emigrating, didn't I see a girl I'd never seen before in all my life. A girl? A living vision. My heart turned over and my mouth fell open with the beauty of her as she walked towards me, with the sunlight sprinkling gold dust on her curling black hair and her little red hat.

Walked, did I say? Danced. Floated. Her foot no more than kissed the ground as she went by me, and I fetched a sigh out of me that nearly brought my heart along with it. She just nodded to me and smiled, and said "Good morning," and was gone down the street, while I wandered up to the still as lost and dazzled in my mind as if I was coming away from it instead of going towards it. Indeed, I was hit so bad that I spent five minutes trying to get into the wrong fairy fort.

Maybe I should explain that up beyond the head of the valley, where the mountain-top flattens out, there's half a dozen biggish green mounds built by the good people in the old times. You'll hear all kinds of stories about them being graves of kings and such, but that's all just foolish talk. They're fairy forts, and the only human thing ever buried in any of them was our still.

A long while ago, when Uncle Jamesy and Father were about my age, some professors came down from Dublin and started digging the forts to pieces. Looking for old pots and bones, was what they said, although every one in Ballysaggery knew it was gold they were after. However, they left behind them a powerful big hole in the side of one of the forts, and, down under it, there were two great rooms all lined with stone, like a pair of cellars, hidden there under the green roof of the mound. You wouldn't find as good a place as that to hide a poteen still if you searched all the provinces of Ireland.

And so they brought in their gear and set it up. All the customers needed to do to come in was to grasp a particular dead furze stump sticking out of the side of the mound and lift it. Up it would come with a trap door covered in green turf attached to it, and down he'd step into what you might call the saloon bar of the fairy fort; a big shadowy cave of a place with benches along three sides of it, and a barrel and a row of mugs on a shelf at the far end.

BEHIND the barrel was a small, narrow passage leading to the second stone room, the stillroom itself, a lot smaller than the saloon bar, but big enough for boiling potatoes in and turning their little cooked ghosts into the gorgeous spirit itself.

But to be on with the story. As I say, after seeing the girl below in Ballysaggery village, I was so bad I near dislocated my shoulder trying to pull up a furze stump on the wrong mound. And when I got into the still at last, it didn't take Uncle Jamesy long to see that something was up with me.

Uncle Jamesy's a little, sharp-eyed man, the twin of my father, with tufts of white hair sprouting out over his ears and not another screed of it on his brown, shiny skull. And what with the way he and father sit cross-legged, from the long years of squatting under the copper condensing tube of the still, filling jugs, and with near living in the fairy fort, it's not much wonder that everyone calls the pair of them the leprechauns. Indeed, they're known as the leprechauns far and wide beyond Ballysaggery, although of course it's only inside the parish that anyone really knows why.

"Michael boy," my uncle said, before I could as much as settle myself on the bench. "What have you been doing?"

"Nothing," I said dreamily.

"You've been after girls," said my uncle, the end of his nose twitching. He's always been powerfully against women, saying they were the ruin of a man's drinking habits. "I know it. I know it. I can see it in your eye. Oh Michael child, if you only knew the depths of the pit that's opening at your innocent feet. Girls is the calamity of mankind. I was telling your father only the other day. . . ."

A shaft of sunlight fell between us then, and it was my father himself coming in with a sack of potatoes for the still. He hefted it into the corner and sat down beside Uncle Jamesy.

"By God," he said, "I've just heard the worst news I ever heard."

"Then you've heard the same thing that I have," said Uncle Jamesy. "The boy there has started tricksying after girls. . . ."

"Arrah, go on with you and your girls," said my father. "This is serious . . . the sergeant has got himself a horse."

"What of it?" said Uncle Jamesy. "If he took to fox-hunting, now, wouldn't it be the good thing for us? Although Jesus have mercy on the poor horse that man puts his leg across."

"You don't understand," said Father. "It isn't foxes he's going to be hunting. It's us. And whereas he wouldn't catch as much as old Mary O'Mahony on his two great feet, with them sinking into the bog twelve inches deep at every step, on horse-back he'll have the legs of every man of us."

"By God," says my uncle, beginning to look very grave. "You have something there."

JUST on that two of the lads came in for a drop of support after the day's work, and it was one of them, Peter Lowry, that brought the whole ruin down on us with his cleverality, once he heard what was up.

"Gob," says he. "Is that all that's troubling you? A horse?"

"Ay," says my father. "Isn't it enough? The talk is he's gone and bought it out of his own money, the policemen up in Dublin not thinking it necessary to put a horse on the establishment. But he reckons that, once he has found the still and made a dozen or so arrests, they'll buy him a motor-car, let alone a horse."

"Better'n betterer," said Peter Lowry, squinting very cunning at us. "He won't be in the mood to buy a second horse out of his money, hardly."

"What are you getting at?" said my uncle.

"Stealing the horse, of course," shouted Peter, slapping his knee with the heel of his empty mug. "Down to his house one dark night, pocket full of sugar. *Tsk, tsk,* and out comes the horse, ready to follow you to Kingdom Come for the sugar lumps. And I know a lad over Killnoggin way would buy anything on four legs and no questions asked."

I've never forgiven Peter Lowry for any of this, and neither has anyone else in the parish. But of course we hadn't the means of telling future woe from present stupidity, and the plan certainly sounded reasonable enough. Except that it turned out that, what with being a mountainy man and not used to horses, Peter Lowry wouldn't be able for stealing the horse himself.

FOR a moment or two it looked like the plan being dropped, when didn't it come into my uncle's head to mention about me looking moony over a girl.

"A girl, is it?" said Peter. "It wouldn't be a girl you saw today for the first time? A little dark-haired bit of a thing tittupping along the street just now?"

I gawped at him with my mouth open, and a blush coming up from my shirt-collar to my cap, wondering how he knew.

"The sergeant's daughter," he said, slapping his knee again. "No other in the world wide. Philomena, her name is. Did you speak to her, Michael?"

I shook my head, the world reeling round my ears. The sergeant's daughter!

"You didn't speak to her yet?" Peter was saying. "Then don't be wasting any more time, boy. Court her, and flatter her. Whisper to her in the moonlight. And if you don't have the key of the sergeant's stable door out of her inside a week, you're not the lad I take you for."

"Ruin," said Uncle Jamesy, wringing his hands. "There was never a plan yet with a woman in it that didn't end in ruin. I'm warning you, Paudeen O'Shaughnessy." Paudeen being my father's name.

"You and your warnings," said Peter. "Sure, aren't we facing ruin as it is?"

"Peter's right," said my father. "Let you see what you can do, Michael child. Although," he said, as a sop to my uncle, "anything you do, keep your mind on the horse. Remember, the girl is only ways and means."

"There's the man," said Peter, refilling his mug without as much as a by your leave. "The thing is as good as done."

Even so, there was none of us except Peter Lowry that wasn't more than doubtful about the whole plan. But before a week had passed, we had the

Sad, bad day for Ballysaggery

continued from previous page

doubts driven out of us. Mounted on his brute of a horse, the sergeant was like Cromwell and his cavalry destroying the countryside, and on Saturday night didn't my father himself have the nearest squeak of his life, trotting over to Father Sweeney's Presbytery with a half-gallon jar.

"Things can't go on like this much longer," he said to me in a voice that was still trembling the next morning. "How is the plan progressing?"

"To tell you the truth, the horse side of it hadn't progressed very far. But the other side of it was fair rampaging along—Philomena and I had got to the stage where we met every night under the big oak tree beyond the crossroads.

Of course, I couldn't help learning a little bit about the horse. The sergeant kept it locked in a shed at the bottom of his garden when he wasn't scouring the countryside on its back, and he kept the key on a nail in his kitchen.

And then that very morning didn't the whole thing fall into my lap.

"Michael," whispered Philomena as I was passing her at the corner of the chapel wall. "I can't be meeting you tonight after all. Father'll be over in Killnoggin till late this evening, and I have to mind the house. I wouldn't dare leave it empty."

As she spoke, I saw like a flash of lightning what I had to do. I took her little white hand and squeezed it.

"I'd die, passing a whole night without seeing you," I said, and true enough for me I would have, too. "Why shouldn't I come and see you in the house itself?"

"Oh, you'd never," she gasped, blushing like a rose in the snow. But something in her eyes didn't look as shocked as her voice sounded, and I went off up the road whistling.

I think that Sunday was the longest day of my life. But it ended at last, and the shadows were hardly falling before I was down to the sergeant's back door. At the end of the garden I could hear the horse shuffling and scuffling in its shed, and inside the house Philomena singing like a blackbird about the kitchen.

"Ah," says I, "I'll have you both where I want you before the evening's out," and I tilted my cap and tapped on the door. "It's me, Michael," I whispered. "Open up to me, my darling." And there was her little rosy lips at the crack of the door.

If you want to know about the next half-hour, it isn't me that'll be telling you. But everything good has an end, as they say, and after one last little kiss I made pretend I heard her father coming. By this time, of course, the key of the shed was well in my own pocket, unbeknownst to Philomena.

"I'll just slip out and look," I said. So out with me long enough to unlock the shed, then back into the kitchen again. "All clear as yet," I said, clasping her in my arms and hanging the key on its hook again behind her back, while her mind was otherwise occupied. "But I'd better be going."

It was as easy as that, misfortune to me. Half an hour and a pound of lump sugar later I was leading the horse up to the trap door of the fort.

"Psst," I said. "I have him." Father and Uncle Jamesy came out to look.

"Why in the name of Heaven didn't you tell us you were going to do it tonight, you stupid gawn?" said my father. "What are we going to do with it till Peter Lowry comes? And even then he has to fetch his friend. Where are we going to hide a thing that size and the sergeant tearing down the mountains to look for it?"

I SAID: "In there. Five minutes' work with a spade round the sides of the trap door will make a hole big enough for him, and when we've eased him inside the fort and put the sods of turf back again, the head of all the police in Ireland wouldn't guess there was a horse hidden in there."

And that's what we did. Inside of an hour we had the horse as snug in the still as if it was in its own stable. Snugger, indeed, for I'll guarantee the sergeant never gave it mashed potatoes to eat, nor a bucket of second-run poteen to drink, to keep it quiet.

But there was no rest for me. I had to be down to the village again to look for Peter Lowry, who was courting a girl there on his own account. And that was how I ran into trouble. I hadn't set foot in the village street before I saw the sergeant rampaging along, practically carrying poor Philomena by the scruff of her neck.

"Where is it then?" he was roaring. "Where is the blasted horse, if you never left eyes off of it? Out you've been, that's what. Skylarking and gallivanting and courting in the lanes like a strumpet."

Just as I was melting back into the darkness, didn't Philomena see me.

"Michael," she wailed. "There's Michael O'Shaughnessy, Father. He'll tell you. Did I ever leave the house this whole night, Michael?"

AND before I knew where I was, *my* feet were off the ground and *I* was being shaken like a rabbit. One of us in either hand. He's a terribly big man.

"What do you know about my horse, Michael O'Shaughnessy?" he said in a police-court voice.

"Nothing," I said. "I never laid eyes on it. Did you lose it?"

"I did," he said, sounding very grim. "But I won't be long in finding it, nor the blackguards that did it. Get home with you, girl," he said, putting Philomena down on one side of him and me on the other, and producing a bull's eye lantern.

"You come with me," he said. "I've an idea you know something more of this business than appears." So I went with him, while he shone the torch on the road and along the verge till he saw a place where the horse had left fresh hoofprints in the mud and wet grass, just where I'd led the horse off the road an hour or so before. Which was another thing I hadn't thought of.

From then on it was like following a path. "Ah ha," said the sergeant. "We'll soon be seeing what's what."

And then in front of us were the humps of the fairy forts lifting themselves black and obvious as a row of stables against the night sky. Straight to the trap door like a line of broad

continued on page 37

Dept. Of Utter Failure

1. *I shan't trouble to replace the back of the garage this time.*
2. *I papered this room myself, if you want to know.*
3. *I can't eat with them, of course, except by wearing the top set in the bottom.*
4. *I planted the radishes* there!
5. *I can easily mend the plaster now that I've got the nail in.*
6. *I had to bury the cake tin as well.*
7. *When I turned to ask the examiner if I'd passed, the door was open and the seat empty.*

ELDON CARRAN

He Knew, You Know!

It's strange, but I have always found
If something happens, bad or good,
There seems to be some guy around
Who knew that what has happened—would!

NOEL SCOTT

Note From The Head

Mr. Dexter, the handwork master, is a little worried about Percy. He used to be excellent at woodwork, but since you became interested in "do-it-yourself" he seems to despise such old-fashioned skills as the use of chisel and plane.

As Mr. Dexter had planned the term's work, the class were going to take five weeks to make small trays; but with the kit you have so generously given him Percy assembled a tray in twenty minutes.

There has also been a little difficulty with him in art. Miss Spence thought that he was a very promising pupil until he wanted to be given landscapes to paint that were numbered and labelled and to which he had simply to add colours as directed. It is true that he produces pictures very rapidly, but artists are not usually judged by their speed.

Next term we are starting a handyman course and Percy has already announced that you have promised to give him gadgets that will do any job about the home in—is it ten seconds? Not every boy has such up-to-date parents, and I am rather afraid that Percy's equipment might make the other boys jealous. And there are such opportunities for revenge in a workshop.

R. G. G. PRICE

No, Like This!

"I came round because I saw you doing exercises at your window. You'll do yourself more harm than good unless you tackle them scientifically."

"Could it be that there's a right and a wrong way and you happen to know the right way?"

"To begin with, when you breathe in deeply your mind ought to be concentrated on the point where a line drawn from your gullet to your abdomen crosses a line drawn from the apex of your right hip to the apex of your left hip."

"I don't believe any hip of mine has an apex. Anyway, I always think about my lungs, unless I'm thinking about breakfast."

"What muscles are you exercising when you jump up and down?"

"I'm just enjoying myself. I feel like jumping up and down—especially, somehow, when I think you are watching me."

"It could easily develop muscles in the wrong places. Do you massage the eyeballs before or after arms-bending-and-stretching?"

"Left eye before, right eye after—*and* rub my stomach and pat the top of my head simultaneously."

"Oh, if you don't want me to help. . . ."

GEOFFREY RICHARDS

Fifty-fifty

I have the vision,
He has the sense;
He holds the pounds, and
I hold the pence.

His are the shocks and
Mine are the thrills;
I have the parcels,
He has the bills.

HAZEL TOWNSON

Catch all the colour of our summer days!

You don't have to wait for brilliant Mediterranean days before you take colour pictures.

The pearly blue of summer skies, the rosy cheeks of pretty girls . . . the subtle, muted colours of Britain's landscapes—you can capture them all on Ilford Colour Film.

And it's so easy—far simpler, if you have a 35mm camera, than black-and-white. Every picture brings a thrill—the thrill of colour, more vivid than you can remember it. So bring home a boxful of colour memories this year, on Ilford Colour Film. Twenty transparencies cost only 22/9 (including processing) and the best of them will make Ilford Colour Prints—postcard size at four for 10/- or 8¼" x 5½" at 7/6 each (including mount).

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Most amazing thing is that this beautifully styled camera could ever cost so little. Examine the 'Sportsman' at your photo-shop — you'll be happy to pay £11.11.11 (Leather ever-ready case 41/3 extra).

ILFORD COLOUR

Silent struggle for the throne of Spain

It's deadlock at the moment. Exiled in Portugal, Don Juan still fights for his claim to the crown. But dictator Franco prefers his son. Who will weaken first?

THE fundamental requirement of a king is to prove to his fellow men that beneath the king exists a man, and within the man a heart. What only a few kings have appreciated is that in some directions they can get away with murder, whereas one step in the wrong direction means exile.

Stupidity is not necessarily a handicap to a king. Nations have had their greatest days under kings who were asses. Kings can be mad like George III of England or Ludwig II of Bavaria, or dissolute like Edward VII, or drunk like Henry of Holland, or deformed like Richard III. Frailty can unite the people around a king, as the British united around George VI, one of the most popular kings Britain ever had.

What cannot be forgiven is moral dishonesty. The ex-king who throws away his chances in petulance, in a parade of empty royalism and aimless living, deserves what he gets, which is usually something less than contempt, for contempt itself needs flesh to feed on; rather oblivion which makes the man himself all the more pitiful.

Loyalty, then, to the country that exiles him and denies him a passport, fortitude in adversity, patience in the face of injustice, and serenity in loneliness—all the things that go to make a man—can save a king. These qualities have been shown by Don Juan, the Count of Barcelona, the legal King of Spain, a man who has actually turned back the tide of history, and has technically at any rate von himself back a throne. One compromise and it could probably be his in fact. But it is a compromise he will not make, and the result may be that he will never seat himself upon it. But the moral victory will be his.

Where some kings have crumpled at the first sign of opposition, Don Juan has borne up under a series of blows tragic enough to crush many a worthy man.

His father, King Alfonso XIII, was surely the unluckiest sovereign in Europe. Throughout his life it is said that many of his superstitious European cousins and relatives feared to pronounce his name, thinking it would bring them bad luck. When they met him, they crossed their fingers.

Alfonso's life began in the most ominous sort of grandeur. He was born a king, turning up in the world seven months after the death of his father.

Anarchist's bomb

His wedding day in 1906 was celebrated by the loudest anarchist bang heard outside Tsarist Russia to that time.

Alfonso was being married to an English princess, Victoria Eugénie ("Ena") of Battenburg. The wedding procession had arrived almost at the end of the Calle Mayor in Madrid when a bomb was thrown from an upper window by an anarchist. Many people were killed, including twenty-six equerries, some of them so close to the royal couple that Ena's wedding-dress was bespattered with blood and ripped by flying glass. The British Ambassador, Sir Maurice de Bunsen, was the first to reach the dazed couple, followed by officers of the 16th Lancers, King Alfonso's British regiment.

The Prince of Wales (later King George V) rushed up a few seconds later and assured his cousin that the explosion had been an accident, a cannon misfiring its salute.

The anarchists had better luck a couple of years later when they killed Dom Carlos of Portugal and his son, in Lisbon. In 1913 someone shot three times at Alfonso at point-blank range without hurting him. In 1925 an ambitious plot for his assassination was uncovered just in time.

Six times in all Alfonso escaped assassination. He finished his reign in 1931, alive but in exile. Yet even all these shocks could be numbered among the lesser of his woes. Two of his children suffered from haemophilia, the royal disease which prevents the blood from clotting. Haemophilia is carried in the woman but strikes only her sons. Both haemophilic sons were killed in motor accidents, the eldest, Don Alfonso in 1938, and the youngest, Don Gonzalo, in 1934. Both accidents were comparatively minor, the deaths resulting from haemorrhages. Alfonso's second son, Don Jaime, was born deaf and dumb and renounced his right to the throne.

Alfonso was forced into exile when Spain voted in a republican government. He died in Rome ten years later and was buried with his ancestors in Spain's Escorial Palace.

One sound brother out of four is a macabre fact of life to have to accept, but the sound one was very sound indeed. Born in 1913, the year his father was shot at, Don Juan joined the British Royal Navy when his father was exiled and, completely absorbed in naval life, the idea of exile was a somewhat unreal one to him.

Despite a Spanish accent which he has never lost, his outlook is almost entirely English. As a child he had had an English nurse, Miss Doherty, and an English teacher, Miss Dutton. With his mother and among his family he spoke English almost exclusively.

Habits unchanged

The Queen was one of those women whose national habits are so ingrained that not even a lifetime of living in foreign parts can change her. From her sensible shoes to her pearls and the aristocratic vagueness of her smile she was, and remains, as English as a cup of tea.

Don Juan grew up a big, well-muscled young man, a sports fanatic exceptional even among sports-mad royal cousins like Leopold of Belgium and Philip of Greece. He was happiest in a sail boat or on a golf course, or shooting big game in Africa. He also had a strong Spanish strain of thoughtfulness, and his combination of Latin ebullience and an English sense of humour made him a most delightful person to meet, but not necessarily the kind of material that a Fascist Spanish dictator, however royally inclined, would find himself at ease with.

He served in the cruiser H.M.S. Enterprise in Indian waters. In 1934

Prince Juan Carlos, son of the Spanish Pretender, marches past General Franco in a parade to mark the twenty-first anniversary of the civil war victory

Don Juan, claimant to the throne, with his wife, and Juan Carlos, whom Franco prefers as Spain's next monarch. "To me," says the prince, "my father is king"

he was transferred to the training ship Iron Duke, and in 1935 to the destroyer Winchester, where he was promoted to lieutenant. In 1935 he married Princess Maria Mercedes of Bourbon, a girl of characteristically noble Bourbon beauty, and ten thousand royalists attended his wedding in Rome. The marriage produced two sons and two daughters.

When the Spanish Civil War broke out in 1936, Don Juan tried to enlist in General Franco's army, but the Caudillo, fearing perhaps a rival, would not permit him to enter the country, and stalled him off with vague promises about the prince being "kept for higher purposes"—promises which, as it happened, Franco has done his best to keep.

The second World War found Don Juan, his family and mother in Switzerland. The blackest days in the life of an exiled prince are when history is being made and he plays no part in making it. He brooded away the war ski-ing, yachting and playing golf.

Don Juan's official court today is at the Villa Giralda, a handsome modern house situated at the top of a hilly street appropriately called the Rua Inglaterra in Monte Estoril, Portugal, a few minutes' drive from King Umberto's Casa d'Italia.

Don Juan lives in much greater style than Umberto, for the good reason that most of his bills are met by the Spanish Embassy in Lisbon. His chancery is elaborate with several aides and numerous servants. His wife, the Doña Maria, has her own household. There is a gentleman-in-waiting and a lady-in-waiting in permanent attendance, each chosen from a list of members of the Spanish aristocracy, prepared for him by his special assistant and secretary, Don Ramon Padilla. Everyone except the servants pays his own expenses. There are regular political conferences at the Villa Giralda. Grandees call in to discuss ways for easing the practical problems in the way of Don Juan's restoration. Following Umberto's example Don Juan makes himself available to Spanish admirers who come to Estoril to pay tribute to the man they call *el rey*.

Shrinking fortune

Money is no problem. King Alfonso, when he died, left a fortune of 25 million Swiss francs, some of which goes to Don Juan directly, and some to the cause of the monarchy. Don Juan's mother, Queen Ena, is the principal trustee of this estate. Don Juan also draws income of a kind from his extensive royal estates in Spain, but Franco, in this connection, is far from generous. He insists that the income is drawn at the pre-1936 (Civil War) rate of exchange when the peseta was worth four Portuguese escudos. Now it is worth two-thirds of an escudo.

The misfortunes that made his father the unhappiest monarch did not spare Don Juan or the Doña Maria. Their second daughter, Margarita, was born blind.

In 1956 their fifteen-year-old son, "Alfonsito," killed himself while looking down the barrel of a semi-toy rifle, the kind often used for indoor target practice. This was a truly shocking accident which prostrated the family with grief, especially Alfonso's elder brother, Don Juan Carlos, who was present and blamed himself for the tragedy. For a long time after that Don Juan Carlos seriously contemplated retiring into a monastery.

Negotiations for a restoration of the monarchy began after the second World War. Don Juan, encouraged by Queen Ena, who is the driving force behind her sometimes indolent son, moved to Estoril.

Dr. Salazar, the Portuguese dictator, was not too enthusiastic about having the Spanish Pretender as his own neighbour but he agreed at the request of Franco, who used for the purpose that indefatigable Portuguese lobbyist for monarchist causes, Dr. Ricardo Espirito Santo. Franco and Don Juan met for the first time in 1945 aboard the Caudillo's yacht, Azor, in the Bay of Biscay and Don Juan, in as many words, asked for his throne back. Franco hedged but he did agree to permit Don Juan's son, Juanito, to be educated in Spain. They met again in 1948, and disagreed about everything except the boy.

In the most curious way history was repeating itself, the problem of the Spanish succession raising its head all over again. It had last existed in 1869 with another military dictator in search of the right kind of king. In 1869 the search ended with the Franco-Prussian war of 1870.

The issues are less vital today but they may well affect the entire future of monarchy in Europe. The question involves not only a throne, but what kind of a throne it must be, and on what foundations it will be based. A monarchy restored only to be overthrown would be a disaster to the institution everywhere.

Franco's own attitude to monarchy is ambiguous. European monarchists who have met him many times are convinced that the dictator believes in a restoration of the Bourbons. But Franco's political background is republican. He founded the Military Academy at Saragossa in republican days, and after nineteen years of Franco dictatorship since the end of the Civil War the monarchy has not been restored in anything except name. Franco is many things to many people: that is part of his devious genius. He wanted to have Don Juan on call, yet not so close as to breathe down his own neck. So, knowing Don Juan's personality and the liberal English influences behind him, he laid down conditions which he knew Don Juan would not accept.

The wrong spirit

Don Juan, said Franco, must be an absolute monarch as he himself was an absolute monarch, and he must have ministers below him who would do what he told them to do. Don Juan's reaction was predictably forthright.

"That is impossible," he said. "We are not living in that kind of an age any more. It is against the entire spirit of the times." Franco shrugged and the matter was left there.

In 1954 they met for a third time at

Everybody's Puzzling

BRAIN TEASER by Fred Borders

Jack Haster had an appointment for 3 p.m. at Starford. Motoring from Central London he found that at the end of 24 minutes' steady driving, traffic and speed restrictions had kept his average speed down to 30 m.p.h. and if he continued at that speed he would be 44 minutes late at Starford.

As the road was now clear he increased speed to 40 m.p.h., and arrived on time.

How far is it from Central London to Starford?

QUIZZLE

The letters in numbered squares, if placed in the small grid to the left of the puzzle in numerical sequence, will spell a well-known quotation and help to check your solutions.

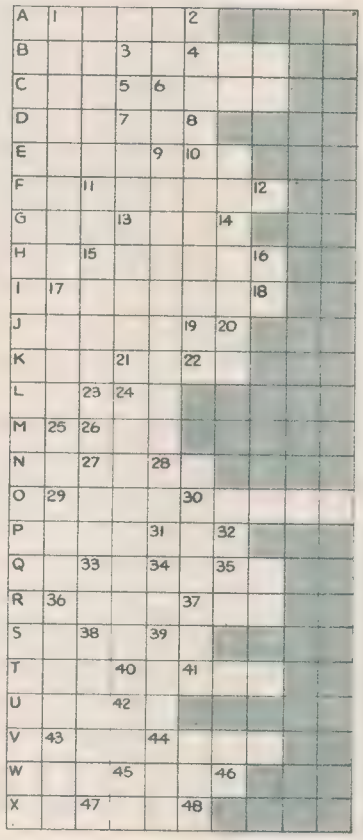
CLUE DOWN

A. Suggesting that the policeman on point duty may have to make an arrest? (5, 4, 2, 3, 10).

CLUES ACROSS

A. Small oval plum.
B. Unfit to eat.
C. Gambling game which contributes largely to Monegasque revenue.
D. City of which St. Paul was a native.
E. Gaping.
F. Small birds akin to pipits.
G. Kind of bunting, considered a table delicacy.
H. Cut down expenses.
I. Cotton square worn on head or neck.
J. Magazine for storage or manufacture of naval or military arms.
K. Lattice-work structure.
L. Dance of Argentine origin.
M. Nymph of the Mohammedan paradise.
N. Being, or existence.
O. African ape.
P. Race-meeting of boats.
Q. Floor-covering of canvas coated with linseed paint. (3-5)
R. Granular leather made from sharks' skin.
S. Emblem.
T. Suspension of criminal sentence.
U. Aquatic carnivore which is hunted.
V. Short narrative of an incident.
W. Predicament.
X. Group of things or events in successive order.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40
41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48		



NOW TURN TO PAGE 37 FOR THE ANSWERS

continued from previous page

the country estate of a Spanish monarchist near the Portuguese border. They talked for five hours without reaching agreement, after which they gave up and went hunting.

Franco now went through the motions of becoming angry. To the Archduke Otto of Hapsburg, a mutual friend, he burst out that he wanted to give Don Juan back his throne, but that the Prince was badly served by his advisers. It was, in other words, all Don Juan's fault.

Don Juan was not a complicated man, but little by little he was made aware that the cunning old Gellego in Madrid was outflanking him. The Spaniards who came to visit him at the Villa Giralda were hand-picked by Franco and expressed the Franco point of view.

Paid by Franco

There was not very much Don Juan could do about it. He was barred from Spain and could not investigate for himself, and whether he liked it or not he was largely in bondage behind the Franco chariot. Even his aide, Don Ramon Padilla, although loyal, was a Spanish career diplomat with the rank of counsellor, and his salary was not paid by Don Juan but by Franco.

While keeping Don Juan at a distance, the dictator had turned his attention to the young son, Don Juan Carlos. Don Juan noticed the change and telephoned his mother, who had read the signs too, and was as worried as Don Juan himself. Though no parties in the dispute would officially admit to such a thing, what is going on in the Iberian Peninsula as these words are written is nothing less than a struggle between a dictator and a father for the soul of a prince. The issue is undecided. Either side could win it, or, equally both sides lose it. Few dictators in history have ever been able to dictate their successors, and the Spanish people may well elect to have no monarchy at all unless the monarchy becomes a *fait accompli* in Franco's lifetime.

As for Juanito, he was developing in every way that a father—or an *ancien régime* dictator—could wish. He had changed from the day shortly after the war when, at the age of ten, he had crossed the Spanish border and enrolled in a private school in Madrid. He was shy then and dressed in the short trousers and grey flannels of the typical English boy. The shyness did not last. He had had a lonely childhood in Switzerland, and the chance to be with other boys was all he needed. His comrades had been specially chosen, the sons of grandees, and they were warned to treat the prince carefully.

So fast did Juanito progress, however, that when he graduated to a more senior school the situation had reversed itself, and Don Juan was obliged to send a message to the headmaster that should "my son pick a fight the others must hit him back."

With the change in the royal climate, General Franco began to take a greater and greater interest in the boy. When Juanito graduated the Caudillo took him personally round the Palacio de Oriente, one of the boy's ancestral homes.

Afterwards Franco exchanged correspondence with Don Juan and they agreed that Juanito should attend the Saragossa Military Academy so that he should prepare to be of "the best service to the nation." Afterwards it was decided he would do naval and air force training and attend the university.

Don Juan agreed to all this but he was thoroughly alarmed. He himself was not prepared to be a monarch in the mould assigned to him by General Franco, and even less was he prepared to allow his son to become a puppet.

Franco, sensing Don Juan's mood, played his next card. On July 18, 1957, the announcement was made that seemed, on the face of it, to put the throne at Don Juan's disposal, but which actually put it farther away from him than ever. On that day it was officially announced that when Franco dies or retires, Spain will have its "Very Catholic King" back. But neither the King or even the dynasty was specified. The Presidential Minister, Luis Carrero Blanco, outlined what kind of a king and what kind of a monarchy Spain would expect.

Crowned republic

"It will not be an absolute monarchy serving the privileges of a minority. Nor will it be a liberal monarchy which is no more than a crowned republic," he said. "It will be a traditional monarchy of Spain, adapted to the circumstances of modern times, the traditional monarchy in its epoch of grandeur, that of [the fifteenth century] Isabella and Ferdinand and the Yoke and the Arrows of the Falange."

The reference to a "crowned republic" in that extraordinary definition was a clear expression of contempt for the British style of monarchy, and indirectly an attack on Don Juan's anglophilia. The next part dealt with the type of monarchy which Franco and Don Juan had argued and disagreed about. The final reference to the Falange, Franco's Fascist supporters, was certainly included in the knowledge of how much Don Juan and the Falange detested each other, and of the Falange's machinations.

At approximately the same time as this declaration, rumours began to circulate inside Spain and beyond, to the effect that Don Juan might be passed over in favour of his son.

Don Juan knew what was going on and said brusquely to reporters: "Like everyone else, I have heard rumours that General Franco would prefer my son to take over the throne. I can only say I have no knowledge of General Franco saying this either publicly or privately. So far as I know the law of succession is unchanged."

And Juanito loyally said: "To me my father is King."

But now there was another change in the type of Spanish visitor which Don Juan found himself receiving. These were representatives of the more important Spanish groups, the bankers, the industrialists, the politicians, the generals, all suggesting circumspectly that he should yield the title in favour of his son.

Don Juan said flatly: "When the monarchy is restored the succession will naturally be mine."

In private Don Juan made arrangements that, when Juanito finished his Spanish education, he should travel abroad, and continue his studies away from the hothouse atmosphere of Fascist Spain.

The fight with Franco has changed Don Juan's philosophy in a curious way. A throne that he had never considered worth fighting for so strongly for himself has become worth fighting for on behalf of his son. Had the critical issue not arisen he would probably have been content with his present existence.

No matter how one looks at the Spanish scene the prospects for a sustained monarchy do not emerge brightly. Don Juan and Don Juan Carlos are caught between two bitter national pressures, and, whichever side wins, they lose. The masses identify the royal family with Franco and the hated Falange. The Falange itself distrusts the royal family because it fears its own powers will be curtailed by a restoration of the monarchy.

Spain is almost the last of the agrarian countries of Europe, and whether he likes it or not the King would be held in power by a small landed aristocracy, supported by the Church, perhaps against the wishes of the peasants and the industrial workers.

Don Juan has seen the danger and talks emphatically about the separation of Church and State. Don Juan is aware of the danger of the Roman Catholic Church to a Roman Catholic king in a Roman Catholic country. The support of the Catholic Church has proved the kiss of death to monarchy all over Europe.

In all Catholic nations anti-clericalism is a political force in its own right and grows with the power of the Church. There comes inevitably a moment when the anti-clericals command a majority in the nation. They cannot get rid of the Church, so they do the next best thing and get rid of the royal family. The fall of the thrones of Italy, Spain, Portugal and Brazil can all be attributed in one degree or another to the surge of anti-clericalism.

Don Juan understands the menace, but here, as in other fields, his freedom is limited. He cannot escape his own title, "His Catholic Majesty."

Impotent as Don Juan is in Spanish affairs, his meetings with Franco have been followed by certain stumbling moves towards the liberation of the Spanish régime, and some of the credit must go to the Pretender. To counter Franco and appeal to some of the more liberal elements in Spain, Don Juan issued a political manifesto in which he declared: *Royalist Spain wants a*

WORRY—1

When we have nothing to worry about we are not doing much, and not doing much may supply us with plenty of future worries.

Chinese Proverb

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continued from page 26

world of justice and peace in the spirit of the United Nations . . . not only one party but the creation of independent parties . . . a free economy and the amelioration of the lot of the Spanish people who are so poor; these are the main points of the social policy of the royal family.

While battling with Franco, Don Juan had another problem on his hands, a family problem concerning his elder brother, Don Jaime, the Duke of Segovia.

Born deaf and dumb, Don Jaime renounced his claim to the throne. In later years his condition improved to the extent that visitors often left him without being aware of his affliction at all.

In 1935 the Duke married a nineteen-year-old Franco-Italian society girl called Emmanuella de Dampierre, and later claimed the marriage was illegal "because it did not have the consent of the Spanish Parliament." He subsequently angered his mother and family by marrying a Berlin singer called Charlotte Tiedemann.

To any member of a royal family the word "family" means something much more intense than it does to other people, which explains the royal family rows which periodically burst into flames across Europe When the family is involved the various members become blind to the outside world.

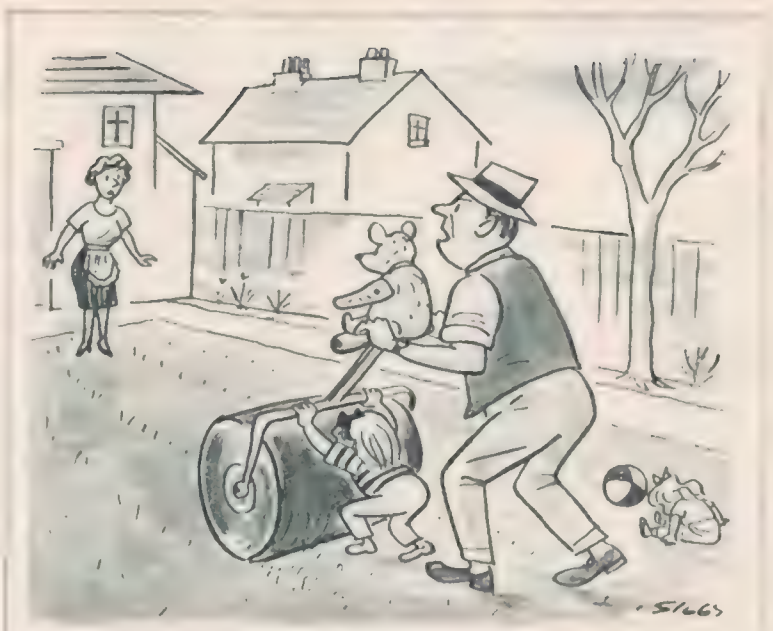
At a "peace" meeting held in a Lausanne clinic where Queen Victoria Eugénie was undergoing an operation, Don Juan and Don Jaime met and clashed furiously, their faces white, ignoring the strangers around them. Don Juan said that Charlotte had no right to the title of the Duchess of Segovia (she hasn't).

British dilemma

Don Jaime said: "I may have abdicated my rights to the throne, but I did not abdicate my right as head of the family."

The new "Duchess" said: "What does my peevish brother-in-law want me to call myself—Mrs. Bourbon?"

The British royal family was caught innocently in the imbroglio, for in the middle of it King George VI died, and the protocol officers were presented with the problem of which brother should be invited. They picked Don Jaime, as head of the family, an astonishing decision, which did not improve matters. Nevertheless it can be said that the Spanish royal family carried off their quarrel with more dignity than did the British royal family in 1936, the Dutch in 1956 or the Swedes in 1958.



"She's here—helping me"

The Don Jaime incident was an irritating distraction for Don Juan, who wished only to concentrate on his unending game of political chess with General Franco. It has been carried on, it must be said, with a single-mindedness of purpose which pays tribute to the intellect of both men. In all the manoeuvres and counter-manoeuvres neither Franco nor Don Juan has lost sight of the central figure in the dispute, the young Don Juan Carlos.

The young man who arrived in Madrid in 1955 on his way to the Saragossa Military Academy was a different person from the shy boy in shorts of a few years before.

The Prince was tall, athletic and romantically good - looking — much more Spanish in appearance than his father, despite his fair, wavy hair. He had grown confident of himself as his education progressed. When cadets began to address him as "Your Highness," he replied sharply, "Drop that," and told them to call him "Juanito."

His principal devotion is to his family, to his father, to the memory of his younger brother and to his sisters, Doña Maria del Pilar and Doña Margarita, a lovely, appealing girl whose blindness has moved her to devote her life to the care of the sick and the study of languages. Juanito's Christian faith and sense of responsibility have kept him away from the easy temptations of princes.

The only two girls whose names have been linked at all with his have been eligible princesses, Maria Gabriella, his neighbour, the daughter of King Umberto, and Princess Isabelle, eldest daughter of the Count of Paris, who is, however, several years older than he is.

There was a grand demonstration of royalist feelings in December, 1955, when Juanito entered the military academy and, with other cadets, went through the ceremony of kissing the red and gold flag of Spain. A large monarchist crowd had gathered, and when it came to Juanito's turn they gave a tremendous shout of "Long Live the King!"

Tears fell from the eyes of some of the older officers witnessing the scene. It was an emotional, heady incident, charged with the passion of which only Spaniards are capable.

Don Juan was not there to see it. He was still exiled. However, he had guessed that something of the sort would happen, and he was worried. Juanito was only seventeen years old and unprotected against sycophancy. A few days before the ceremony Don Juan went into his small study on the ground floor of the Villa Giralda. It was quiet there and from the windows the ground fell away to the sea. But the blinds were drawn against the sunlight and Don Juan was alone with the numerous photographs of his family. He sat down to write and what he wrote was a moving exposition of the royal conscience.

Rights and duties

My dear Juanito: wrote the father. *I want this letter to reach you on the eve of the oath-taking so that you may sleep carrying in your heart the thoughts I wish to impart to you as well as the assurance that I will be at your side in spirit during the ceremony.*

I cannot let the occasion pass without impressing on you the eminently religious character of the oath, and that no oath may be taken blindly.

Before all other things this oath signifies that one must, in all circumstances, maintain a spirit of discipline, of self-denial, of sacrifice—if need be, to the death—for the defence of the country and her flag. . . .

In so far as it concerns you personally your oath will make real for you the consecration of your life to the service of Spain. The fact that God has chosen that we be born in the heart of a family of royal blood has charged us with a series of responsibilities which are associated with a series of rights and duties. We cannot claim to exercise our rights except on condition that we scrupulously accomplish our duties. It is a condition then that all our acts are inspired by a high sense of duty, and imbued with such patriotism that no temptation to act otherwise would be conceivable. . . .

Your father who loves you and embraces you—

Juan.

THE END

© *Geoffrey Bocca, 1959*

"The Uneasy Heads" is published by Weidenfeld and Nicolson at 21s.

BE A BETTER DRIVER by GEORGE EYLES, *Chief Examiner of the Institute of Advanced Motorists*

How to reverse

MEN and women who are interested in sport will spend hours practising a stroke or a shot; they will even pay a professional for advice and instruction. But how many take the trouble to practise driving as an art once they have passed their initial test?

Even quite experienced drivers have trouble with reversing, particularly uphill. They go in a series of leaps. The car shudders violently and behaves like a kangaroo—an example of bad driving which is not only dangerous but expensive in wear and tear.

Go to a quiet back street or car park and practise *smooth* reversing.

The reason why so many drivers are unable to reverse smoothly is invariably the same: a refusal, or inability, to engage the clutch fully and control the speed of the car with the accelerator.

While it is necessary to control a car's speed with the clutch when reversing for a short distance, the clutch must be right in when the manoeuvre is a matter of yards.

Having mastered this technique, test your skill by sticking a couple of garden canes, about four feet long, into old tins or flower pots filled with earth and set them up to allow a clearance of only one foot between each side of the car.

Reverse through them smoothly, first from a distance of about twenty-five yards and then from angles of up to forty-five degrees to left and right.

When you are able to do this successfully, reduce the clearance until only two inches or so.

Parking problem

You can also use the canes to practise parking. The correct method of parking in a narrow space at the kerb is to reverse into it, but many motorists are often tempted into driving in nose-first. The result is that they bump their nearside wheels over the kerb—which isn't good for the tyres, and, incidentally, breaks the law: it is an offence to drive on the footway.

To practise the manoeuvre, set the canes a car's width from the kerb, leaving between them a distance equal to one and a half times the length of your car.

Drive forward until your rear bumper is level with the foremost cane, and about two feet away from it. Then turn the steering wheel to the left as far as it will go while you reverse slowly. When you see the cane about midway between the centre door pillar and the windscreen pillar (the exact position will depend on the size and steering lock of your car), straighten the front wheels and continue back slowly until you are quite sure that your front bumper will clear the cane.

Now turn the steering wheel as far as it will go to the right, and keep on reversing until you are parked neatly, close to the kerb.

Try to carry out the manoeuvre in one easy, continuous movement—but remember that, as in all aspects of driving, accuracy is more important than speed.

The saying, "Whether you reverse with safety depends on the precautions you take before you move the car," is perfectly true. Follow this advice, and always make absolutely certain that there is nothing behind which might cause damage; more important, check that there are no children.

Should you be worried about damage to your car when reversing into your garage, the wisest policy is to give up the idea.

Always go into a garage nose-first, so that the exhaust is near the door, pointing out into the open air.

Danger at dawn

When a car which has been reversed into a garage is started on a chilly morning, and the driver pulls out the choke, the garage is quickly filled with extra-rich carbon monoxide. If the driver is not in good health, and if, as sometimes happens, he leaves the engine running while he gets the inside of the car ready for the trip, there is a very real risk of succumbing to the gas.

The Institute of Advanced Motorists is a non-profit-making organization, its object being to improve the standard of driving and the promotion of road safety. Its address is 21 Harrington Road, London, S.W.7.

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Life at a low level

Here one of the U-shaped pieces forms the pivot of a sturdy see-saw. Each piece can be bought separately: the U-shape and a chair seat cost 59s. 6d.

Several U-shapes put together make a realistic tunnel for human trains. The slots are placed asymmetrically to give ten chair and table heights

Add an old steering wheel, and Silverstone here we come! At elevenses time, just turn the bonnet over and you have a table for your glass of milk

This fascinating rocking-boat is one of the many faces of a Danish invention sold by Heal's of Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1. The basic part is a U-shaped piece of bent plywood, slotted to take specially cut straight pieces in various shapes, which make a chair, table, or a variety of playthings

Furnishing the best way for children takes

WHEN did you last climb a mountain to get into bed? My guess is that it was when you were about four or five. At this age, any normal bed, or chair, or sofa seems at least as high as Everest, and every attempt at scaling it quite as daring as reaching the summit. Even a few years dim our recollections of the difficulties of being very small. Instead of improving the lot of pint-sized people in a quart-sized world we do everything *for* small children, and grumble about how little time we have to do other things.

Most self-respecting small people would prefer to do as much as possible for themselves—the seed of independence starts to grow very early in our lives. It is simply a question of not being able to reach high enough, or not being strong enough to push and pull. Thoughtful parents can make it simple for toddlers and small children to open and shut doors, wash their hands without assistance, and turn lights on and off without needing help.

Many people interpret the problem as a need for a lot of child-sized furniture. But this does not really get to the root of the problem. A small bed, yes, if the child wants it: a small table and chair, to make mealtimes less difficult, certainly. The bed will probably last until the child has grown up, the small dining-table can be adapted into a coffee-table later. But a roomful of tiny chests of drawers, and powder blue wardrobes decorated with bunnies—no. These simply mean that mothers are going to have to bend down more than they need, and cram clothes into ridiculously small drawers, because toddlers don't put away their own clothes. What is needed is a houseful of adult furniture, adapted so that small children find it easier to do things for themselves, and one or two child-sized pieces which have a future in an adult household.

Whether children should have special small-sized beds is largely a matter of personal taste. I know one toddler who demanded, at three, the largest bed her parents could find. In this she sleeps proudly and peacefully, looking like a contented small shrimp in a sea of blankets. But some children are alarmed by a full-size bed, and feel happier curled up in a small one.

In twos and threes

There is a large range of children's beds on the market. Several enterprising manufacturers have made beds in pairs or threes which can fit together side by side or one on top of the other—to save space if two children have to share a small room. There are also fixed two-tier bunks, which serve the same purpose. A word of warning, though: before buying a set of bunk beds, mothers should consider whether they are going to mind climbing up a ladder to make up the top one.

There is also a bed in three sections which "grows" with the child, and finishes as a full-size bed. Unless there is some particular reason against it, it is better to get a bed which is the full length, even if it is narrower than usual. Then it can be used until the child is grown up.

All beds should have a headboard, and rails half-way down the sides to prevent restless sleepers falling out. If these are slatted, make sure that the slats are less than 2¾ in. apart. With this spacing, heads cannot get stuck between bars, nor arms and legs slip out—a cause of many needless injuries to small children. The same advice applies to bars on a cot.

Pick tables and chairs which are sturdily made. They are usually bashed around a lot, and need to be made of tough stuff to survive. Polished or plastic-sealed wood is better than paint, as painted furniture quickly looks chipped and shabby.

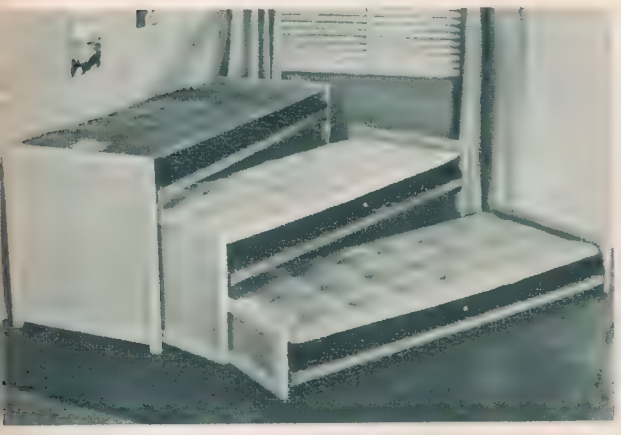
Unit furniture is perfect for children's rooms. You can start with ground level drawers, put them on legs later, and add more drawers or cupboards or bookshelves on top as the child grows taller and needs more space.

Make getting in and out of doors easier by changing large slippery knobs to lever handles. If these are out of reach, tie a cord to the end which can be pulled from below to open and shut the door.

Simplify stair climbing by rigging up a child-height handrail. This can be a length of stout dowelling, fixed to the banisters with cotton reels or short

Smithells

Myer's "Twin-up" bunk beds can be taken apart and ranged side by side. In oak or mahogany, with mattresses, £35; ladder, 47s. 6d.



The latest space-saving nursery idea is the Fraser group of three beds, "Wynken, Blynken and Nod." The set of three costs £15 7s. 9d., the two smaller ones, £10 0s. 11d., mattresses cost extra

This sturdy chair and table for toddlers' mealtimes or first lessons will stand up to a lot of wear and tear. With a pleasant natural finish—chair, 51s., table, 70s., from Paul & Marjorie Abbatt, 94 Wimpole Street, London, W.1

more thought than money

pieces of dowel used as distance pieces. Or you can use rope, threaded through large screw eyes which can be attached to the banisters. For a winding stair, this is the best method.

Encourage children to hang up their own coats by fixing a row of hooks at their level below the adult coat rack. The bright, new zig-zag hangers or hooks with coloured wooden knobs on the end would be ideal for this purpose—then there is no danger of sharp ends poking older children's eyes out.

Child-size cloakroom

Better still, convert the understair cupboard into a children's cloakroom. The coat hooks can run along one side, with the angle of the staircase, so that they are at different heights for different-sized children. Install a light with a door switch, so that it goes on when the cupboard door is opened, and turn the lower end of the cupboard into a storage place for wellingtons and football boots.

Make light switches manageable by going over to the pull-cord kind, which are safer with children in the house. Fit extra-long cords to these. To prevent them swinging into the doorways, or coiling themselves round your neck, run a line of screw eyes down the door frame and thread the cord through them.

In the bathroom, keep a low cork-topped stool under the basin. Children can stand on this to wash their hands at the normal basin. If you have the kind of lavatory cistern with a chain, put an extension on the chain that a child can reach.

Where possible, see that your furniture has no sharp corners or jutting metallic edges on which young children could injure themselves. For your own peace of mind, don't put out too many breakable ornaments or bric-à-brac: these are sure to be broken. Avoid small pedestal tables which are easily knocked over, and trailing electric flexes and cables which could bring down a child, a lamp, a fire, or all three, with disastrous consequences.

Make or buy a strong gate which you can fit to any doorway or at the top or bottom of the staircase. This makes it easier for mothers to get on with the housework, knowing that small children are shut safely up or down and cannot fall over the cleaning equipment or down the stairs.

Put an easily washable floor covering in the children's room so that spills can easily be wiped up, and wet hobbies can be pursued without damage. If your children are messy feeders, a plastic sheet spread on the floor under the dining-table would probably be a good investment.

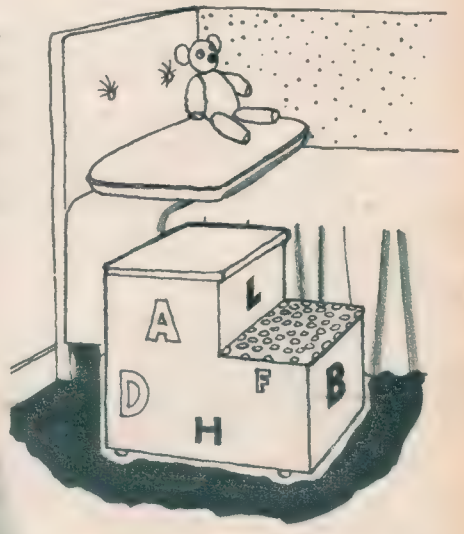
Put pictures in the nursery at child-level, not half-way up the wall where they can't be seen. To save the furniture from nursery art-work, have a fitted blackboard panel made for the wall and fix it in place with screws. A large sheet of plywood, painted with blackboard paint, is easy to fix, and will be much appreciated.

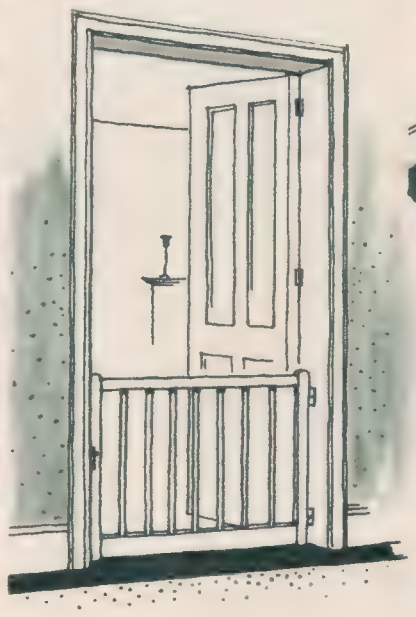
It's a small world

There is plenty for the home handyman to do, with children in the house. Here are three things to make

A children's cloakroom under the stairs puts waste space to good use. The cupboard is usually just the right size. Put in a sloping row of coat hooks, a good light, and plenty of shelves and small hooks for caps and toys

A toy box in the shape of a pair of steps makes a four-purpose unit: to help children climbing into bed, store toys under the lift-up lid, and serve as an extra chair, or bedside table. Make it of deal and paint the outside





A simple gate with half-hinges at one side and a bolt at the other can bring peace of mind to busy mothers by stopping young children from roaming about the house. Fix the other halves of the hinges on doorways and at the top and bottom of the stairs, and drill holes for the bolt. The gate can then be slotted into position wherever it is required

ROGER SMITHELLS WILL HELP YOU

with your home-making problems. Write to him at "John Bull : Everybody's Weekly," 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope for reply. Please send a rough drawing or diagram if this will help to make your problem clear

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Have a splash

Teach your child confidence in the water by installing a playpool in your garden. A 'do-it-yourself' swimming pool is also a lot of fun

TODDLERS are never as happy as when they are paddling in water, whether it be in the sea, the bath or a paddling pool in the back garden. Swimming, floating or merely throwing water about induces shrieks of joy.

Can you spare a circle of space 3 ft. in diameter in your garden and can you afford £1 9s.? If so you can have a "Tiny Tots" pool, such as is made by Palitoys in which children can learn water confidence and they can splash to their hearts' delight.

These playpools are made of P.V.C. welded plastic sheeting, formed in two tyre shapes which lie one on top of the other. The base consists of another sheet of P.V.C. plastic. The tyres are inflated to form the sides of the pool which holds about 10-15 gallons of water. There is a colour choice of red or blue. The bottom of the pool is gaily patterned usually with beach scenes or sea horses. This playpool can be bought from most large stores.

There is also a larger model, 4 ft. in diameter. This comes in a similar colour choice and costs £2 8s. 6d. Both models are fitted with flush valves and are sold complete with repair outfits.

They have the advantages that they are colourful and the inflated sides will not hurt a child who bumps against them. When not in use they can be drained and packed away in a cupboard.

The same firm makes a supported playpool of extra strong laminated Vinyl sheet. This has a tubular framework which when assembled is secured with brass thumb screws. Gay little triangular seats are fitted in to the corners of the framework. This is

A kind of hunger

continued from page 18

accidental or instinctive. Whichever it was, her eyes were innocent and untroubled as she smiled at him.

She left soon after, and he stood watching until the sulky disappeared round the bend in the track, feeling exhausted and fiercely ashamed of the longing that had swept over him. But it returned in the long evening, gripping him and shaking him.

After all, he told himself, he was not all that old. Forty-eight wasn't old. He had just got kind of set in ways through living alone. He was old enough to be tender and gentle with her, anyway, not asking much more than just having her with him.

Next day, he conscientiously assessed what he had to offer. There was no conceit in him, and he did not go beyond the material assets.

He could make a lot more out of the farm than he had been doing, that was certain. To begin with, he'd get down on those palms seriously. Once he got them beaten he'd get a good grade bull and build the herd up—the place would carry twice as much stock as it did now. There was a fairly solid balance at the bank, too, because, even though his cream cheques were small, they were more than he spent. The farm was his own, and the house, repaired and properly furnished, could be made to please her. She had shown that by the interest she had taken in it. Maybe he hadn't a great deal to give, but it was something, and he would spend his life working for her.

Before her next visit he had made up his mind.

She came two days later, calling down to him gaily from the seat of the sulky. "Hallo! Here I am bothering you again."

"Come on in."

"I won't stop long." She jumped down and stood looking round. "I just wanted to get ideas for laying out a garden." The parched ground made her shake her head doubtfully, but she went on: "It would be hard going working this soil up to a decent state, wouldn't it?"

"Not too bad, Kathy. . . ."

"Still, it'd be worth the work. A few trees to make a background."

"Kathy. . . ."

"Hm-m?" She said it absently, planning with half-closed eyes.

"Kathy, I. . . . There's a lot could be done by—two people."

She swung round to him, wide-eyed

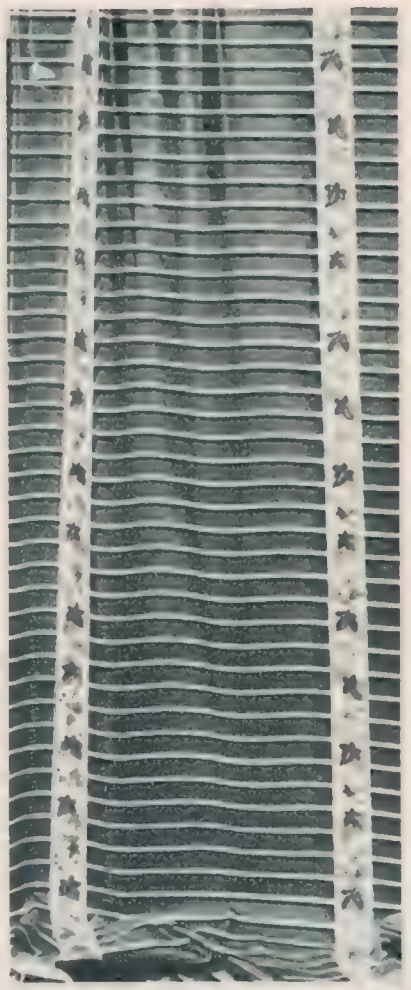
by Roger Smithells

1

2 3 4

Curtain cottons

1. "Sweet Briar," designed by Barbara Brown. Predominantly blue on white, 11s. 9d. a yard, Heals. 2. "Parade" designed by Paule Vezelay. Black and white motifs on mustard, 11s. 9d. a yard, Heals. 3. Rosebank No. 8565, cotton satin, in yellow-green on a black ground, about 19s. 11d. a yard. 4. Plain weave cotton in white printed with fruit design. David Whitehead, about 12s. 6d. a yard. 5. "Venetian," simulated blind in green and white, by Bernard Wardle, about 10s. 6d. a yard



5

made in two sizes 4 ft. square and 6 ft. by 4 ft. The prices are £5 16s. 11d. and £7 5s. 3d. respectively. In these a small child could easily be taught to swim before facing the sea.

Another type of playpool is made by Sportapools. This is built of a very strong canvas which will give with the sway of the water. It is impossible to hurt oneself falling against it, and the strong sides are self-supporting. There is a wide variety of sizes for you to choose from. The smallest size of pool is 2 ft. 6 in. in diameter and 8 in. deep, costing £4 16s. 7d.; the largest 5 ft. 6 in. in diameter, 18 in. deep costing £15 1s. 10d.

Sportapools also make much larger pools so that when you feel envious of the fun the children are having splashing in their playpool, you can have one as well.

You have a choice between a 6 ft. 6 in. size, a 9 ft. size, a 12 ft. size, or even an 18 ft. size. These range in price from £24 2s. 11d. for the 6 ft. 6 in. to £162 19s. 4d. for the 18 ft. size. Three-inch emptying pipes are fitted to all these larger models, and couplings for hosepipes are also available.

Among the "do-it-yourself" pools is the Regency fibre glass swimming pool. This pool may either be sunk completely into the garden so that the top flange is level with ground level, or it may be partially sunk and either built up with a dwarf wall or have the ground banked round it and paved or grassed.

When the initial hole is dug the base must have a layer of dry sand/cement (mix eight to one) spread evenly over the base. It is important to see that the pool is resting evenly and that the areas between the bottom cross stiffeners are supported. Next the pool should be filled with water to a depth of 6 in. to allow it to bed itself.

Gradually the hole should be filled in round the sides of the pool using the same mix as was used in the base. Time should be allowed for the outside penetration of moisture during the filling in of this mix. If the drain is fitted in the bottom of the pool, then the pipes should lead away from the pool to obviate the possibility of water ever leaking into the cement and sand mix. Frost and ice will not affect this pool adversely but it should not be left empty for long periods.

In all cases where the installation of a large pool is being considered, your local water authority should be contacted.

A pool such as the Regency may be hand chlorinated and it is possible to have a pump circulation system and a heating system installed. Your local heating engineer should be consulted for advice on the heating installation.

The approximate cost of such a pool would be £160 for one 16 ft. by 8 ft. by 3 ft. 6 in. deep.

---

with startled and embarrassed surprise. "Gosh, how did you. . . ?"

He leaned against the doorway, slackly, to hide his tenseness. "Did you ever think of getting married, Kathy?" he said.

Colour deepened the tan of her cheeks. "I s'pose every girl does," she said evasively.

"But I mean . . . some particular bloke?"

She hesitated, then sat on the edge of the veranda with her back to him. "I suppose I'd best tell you."

Lew waited, holding his breath, until at last she asked: "You know those abandoned blocks beyond Booria Creek?"

He grunted, puzzled.

"Well, Barry Kingston is taking one up next month," she said shyly.

"Barry Kingston?"

"You know the Kingstons."

"But. . . ." Something cold and hard was crawling round Lew's heart as he watched the colour spreading over her neck.

"We're getting married as soon as he gets settled in, so I've been kind of practising. Planning what could be done with one of these places. That's why I've been bothering you such a lot. I can't talk it over with Mum and Dad—they don't understand. They think I'm just a kid. . . ."

Once started, she poured out the whole of her secret, unaware that the voicing of her dream was smashing his. Breaking it slowly, hurting each little piece separately. With her back still turned to him she could not see the grey bleakness of his face.

He had stopped listening to her actual words, and was only feeling the hurt of them. He had to look away because the curve of her neck and shoulders was so lovely; and, looking round, his eye fell on the sharpened bar leaning against the wall ready for the attack on the palms. It had stood for something, that bar, only—only there wasn't any sense in that, now. There wouldn't ever be again. They'd beat him in the end, those palms. He felt the smooth steel, running his hand down it, until what she was saying began to register again.

"Now I've seen what could be done with a place like this, I know how lovely it's going to be. Just the two of us. . . ."

Lew's hand tightened on the bar as furious protest welled up in him. He had never asked very much of life, anyway. There was no need to hurt him like this.

"Still, we're both young," Kathy went on. "We could make a go of it together. . . ."

YOUNG. That was it, of course. They were young. So cruelly and thoughtlessly young.

And yet, that wasn't quite true. Thoughtless, perhaps, but not cruel. Not Kathy.

Lew's hard, sinewy hand reached out slowly. It just touched her hair where it curled against her neck, brushing it so softly that she did not even feel it.

So sweetly young. Seventeen . . . forty-eight. What had made him think there could be any bridge over that gap?

She turned at last to look up at him, her eyes bright and soft. "Gee, it's lovely being able to talk to you about it. And you've been so kind, letting me come over here." She smiled at him. "When we're settled in maybe you'll come out and see us sometime. I'd like that—Lew."

Lew shuffled bashfully. "Well, now—I kind of don't seem to get about much. . . ."

"Still, you should, you know. I don't know how you stand it, all by yourself. I know I'd never be able to do it."

He turned away to untie her horse from the hitching-rail. "S'pose you get sort of used to it after a while," he grunted.

When she left he stayed on the veranda looking down the track until the darkness crept out and hid it. Then he went indoors.

He did not feel like eating, but he lit the lamp, and absently took the accordion out of its case. He sat holding it for a long time, fingering the keys with stiff fingers. The notes crept out into the darkness like little lost things. Like tears.

THE END

© *Patrick Winn, 1959*

WORRY—2

As soon as a wife presents her husband with a child her capacity for worry becomes acuter: she hears more burglars, and smells more things burning.

James Thurber

NEXT WEEK'S STORIES . . . *A thrilling drama of the sea by John Davies* - **THE PUNISHMENT**

YOU CAN'T GO WRONG - *A light-hearted new story of a Monte Carlo gamble by Barry Perowne*

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Better drink Martini

MARTINI

Sweet or Dry

Are we a nation of pilferers?

continued from page 19

stop pilfering. A chain of teashops has tried to stop customers stealing sugar by altering the screw-caps of its sugar bowls. The threads are now reversed so that the normal action of unscrewing the cap actually tightens it.

Until recently, the Southern Region of British Railways was losing half a million teaspoons a year. Then restaurants and dining-cars were equipped with less attractive, unpolished teaspoons—and the pilfering dwindled.

A Stratford-on-Avon hotel invites its guests, many of whom are American tourists, to take away the menus as souvenirs in the hope that they will leave the spoons. It makes little difference to the spoon losses.

Threatening pilferers with prosecution seems to have no effect, according to Eric Mackney, who has run a café outside Sevenoaks, Kent, for twenty-eight years. In a few days at the height of the holiday season pilferers robbed him of three dozen tumblers and six dozen cups and saucers. He put up a notice threatening pilferers with police action—and lost two dozen more cups and saucers.

Mackney reckons that pilfering is worse than ever before. He believes that "smart alecs from the towns think that they can take a rise out of we country folk."

Once, the police caught thirty-one London hop pickers with a van crammed with knives, forks, chocolates and chickens taken from Mackney's café.

Another Kentish restaurant proprietor, Albert Franklyn, agrees with all Mackney says. At his restaurant at Hildenborough, on the London to Hastings road, customers stole in a ten-week period four hundred teaspoons, 142 two-shilling champagne-perry glasses, flowers from the beds in front of his premises and even the 56-lb. weight used as a door stop.

The majority of large shops, and department and chain stores automatically prosecute detected pilferers because they find that successful court cases reported in the press are the best deterrent. A large bookshop in London on the other hand, persuades pilferers to sign a pledge never to enter the shop again.

"One out of every hundred people who throng the self-service stores and department stores is reckoned to be a pilferer," says an executive of one such store. "The management believes it has a duty to its honest customers to trap and punish the dishonest ones."

Pilfering affects the honest customer more directly than he may realize, for shop proprietors are not wholly altruistic and the loss through pilfering must be passed on to the goods on the shelves.

In fact, it is the honest consumer, in the end, who always has to bear the burden of pilfering, whether it occurred in a shop, restaurant, office block or factory.

THE END

The night of Wenceslas

continued from page 10

is good to hear from you, my boy. How are things with you?"

"Couldn't be better. I'll tell you all about it. But first how's Maminka?"

This was a mistake, but it had to be gone through. There was never anything wrong with Maminka, but the old hypochondriac could usually find something; it gave him an added reason for living with her.

With a return to something like his usual form, he said confidentially: "Well, my boy, I will tell you. She is not so well today. I think she is starting a cold. I am keeping her in bed today."

"I'm sorry to hear that, Uncle. I was thinking of running down to see you. I've got great news. Uncle Bela has died and left me all his money."

This could have been expressed in other ways, and I was thinking of the words, when he said: "What is this?"

"I'm afraid Uncle Bela has died," I said. "He died from a heart attack. I heard from the lawyer today."

"Oh, this is bad," he said. I heard his noisy breathing for a few seconds. "It will distress her terribly."

"Yes," I said, somewhat irritably. "Not too good, is it? But I saw the lawyer today. It seems he left a considerable fortune. He left it to me."

"Well, this we knew he would do," he said. "It is no surprise. I do not know how to—I can't tell her today."

"Well, that's rather the point. I hoped you would break the news to her."

He breathed into the phone for a while. "Nicolas," he said at last, "I think it would be better if you didn't come down this weekend. You understand, a shock like this. . . ."

"All right," I said, a little put out. "Uncle Bela left quite a lot of money."

"Of course. He was a rich man. You will tell me about it later. I must think what I should say."

"I hope Maminka's not too upset."

"She is bound to be. She will be terribly distressed. I can't prevent it."

"Well, I'll call you in a couple of days, and perhaps come next weekend."

"In two or three days, yes. Goodbye, Nicolas." He put the phone down.

I got back into the car with a feeling of let-down. It seemed there was nobody I could tell about the money.

I called for Maura next morning, and watched her in my new rôle of scale-weigher. What I saw went solidly on the plus side. Nothing wrong there, I thought, as she hopped into the car. Her smile could take your breath away.

She said: "Nicolas, I was so mean the other night. It's a lovely day. Can we afford a run into the country?"

I dug into my wallet for the twenty-five pounds I had brought with me. "Look. I won it. At the dogs." I'd rehearsed this in the bathroom mirror.

"Was this last night?"

"Yes."

"You never told me you were going. You've never been before. Nicolas, you're fibbing——" A thought struck her and she looked at me, blinking quickly. "There wasn't anything more about the Little Swine? You weren't keeping anything back?"

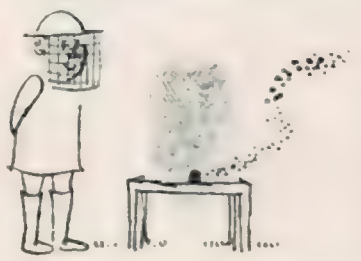
"No," I said irritably.

"Well, it's wonderful anyway," she said. "Let's have a picnic. We can buy food. I was dreaming about the country, about Ireland."

So that seemed all right again, and I shoved in the clutch and took off like a jet through Chiswick, through Taplow, and we sang like little larks.

That was a perfect July day, the best of that wild summer. We ate in a clearing in the woods beyond Cliveden and

THUMBTHING by Stowell



afterwards lay back and smoked. Maura said: "Nicolas, I've been thinking of going back to Ireland for good."

I sat up. "Why, for God's sake?"

Her eyes, which had been closed, now opened, grey-green, and regarded me mournfully. "You know why, Nicolas."

Now this must be an obscure reference to the Little Swine, it seemed to me, and I bent to kiss her to obliterate the thought. She twisted away, lifting her fingertips to my face.

"All my family are in Ireland," she mourned. "I've got nobody here."

"How about me?"

"How about you?"

"I love you."

"I love you, too, Nicolas," she said. "But there doesn't seem much chance of our ever being able to do much about it, does there? Oh, I can see," she said mournfully, beginning to enjoy it, "I can see it's not going to be any use. You'll be a lifelong poor relative. The Little Swine won't do a thing unless you push him, and your uncle in Canada won't either because you don't show a spark of interest. I've tried hard to believe some miracle will happen to change you——"

"Well, try a bit harder," I said, echoing Ratface. I took her head in my hands. "Look, Maura, I've had more than enough of this conversation. The time has come to settle a few simple points. (a) My formative years are long

WORRY—3

A woman worries about the future until she gets a husband, while a man never worries about the future until he gets a wife.

Jacob M. Braude

past and nothing now is going to alter my character. (b) Changes of circumstance, of which there could be many, should not affect our long-term relationship. If in your mind they do, well, you're perfectly right—it's no go."

She wriggled her head round fast before I could get down to her. "Why Nicolas, what's happened to you? *Something* has."

My mental defences had shaken themselves wearily into life. I said: "Well, it's difficult to explain."

"All right," she said lightly. "I've got no right to know."

"Maura, you have. I'm just not able to tell you at the moment."

I was feeling hounded again. I lit a cigarette and lay back grumpily. She did not say anything further. For a long time I could see her eyelashes from the corner of my eye, blinking rapidly and intelligently at the sky.

The next three days passed deliriously. I had a short, perfect interview with the Little Swine which was not so much a burning of boats as the entire disintegration of a familiar shore. I had not meant to let it go as far as this; I was drunk with good fortune.

I ordered two new suits; bought one off the peg; three silk shirts, two pairs of shoes, and paid off Ratface and Mrs. Nolan.

This rage of spending kept me busy during the day, and I saw Maura each evening. She was quieter, rather quizzical, scrupulously uninquisitive. It was as though we were meeting for the first time. Titillated but uneasy, I felt compelled to invent detailed days in the Little Swine's service.

On the Wednesday I rang Cunliffe. "I was just wondering if you'd heard anything further," I said.

"Nothing at all. I am not expecting to for a while. Have you any problem?"

"Not exactly a *problem*. I was wondering if we couldn't arrange something a little more definite about money—perhaps a regular remittance."

"You mean you have spent the two hundred pounds?"

"Oh, no! Not at all. Rather not, Mr. Cunliffe," I said. "I merely thought—if one could fix up something *definite*. Perhaps starting this weekend."

His gravelly laugh came over the phone. "How much have you got left?"

"Well, about forty or fifty, actually," I said, relieved that the little buffer was taking it so well. "But——"

"You don't need to explain," he said, still laughing heartily. "A certain amount of celebration is understandable. We will have to have a little chat about it."

"I'd like to do that, Mr. Cunliffe. You see, I've sort of given up my job, and tend to be without visible means of support. . . ."

"Of course, of course," he said. "Come and see me in the morning about eleven o'clock, Mr. Whistler. . . ."

"Mr. Cunliffe is expecting you," Bunface said with a brisk bob and a smile the moment I opened the door. She hustled me in and bobbed out and little Cunliffe had slipped off his seat and was shaking me by the hand before I had adjusted my eyes to his level.

"I didn't think I would be seeing you again quite so soon," he said jovially.

"No—ah—well," I said.

He sat himself on the desk and crossed his little legs and looked at me quizzically. "This is a very high rate of spending, Mr. Whistler. How have you managed to get rid of it? I thought at least a week, possibly two."

I said: "There were a few things I had to buy."

I then told him exactly what I had spent. He made a note of it. "Yes, I think I have a fair idea," he said slowly. "And you say you have given up your job, too. It is clear that you need money. I am sure we can come to some arrangement."

"I was thinking," I said tentatively, "of a regular weekly sum just until the legacy comes through."

He slipped off the desk and seated himself in the swivel chair. "Possibly," he said judiciously. "I'm afraid I have a little shock for you, Mr. Whistler. There is no legacy."

"But—but——" I gazed at the little madman, practically speechless. "You gave me two hundred pounds."

"I lent it to you." He pressed a buzzer and, as Bunface popped in, said pleasantly: "Ask Mr. Pavelka to step in, please."

I was still gaping at him. "What the hell—you *are* a solicitor?"

He inclined his head. "Once, alas. I am now a humble moneylender."

"But you know damned well I didn't borrow money! What exactly . . . ?"

Cunliffe got up, smiling, with his hands outstretched. An enormous gorilla of a man with the ugliest face I had ever seen had entered the room.

"This is Mr. Pavelka," Cunliffe said. "He will explain why we want you to go to Prague."

Pavelka shambled forward and extended his hand. "I am very glad to make your acquaintance, young man," he said in Czech. "This is a wonderful task you have undertaken."

"Task?" I said in Czech through dry lips—it was uncanny how natural the Czech tongue sounded.

Cunliffe smiled dryly. "Mr. Pavelka is going a little too fast. Very briefly, Mr. Whistler, we have been looking for some time for a young gentleman like yourself to go on a small mission for us.

"It is completely without danger but so unusual that we realized some inducement would be necessary. In your case we thought that it might be best to place you in our debt in some way and then offer you the opportunity of cancelling the debt and, at the same time, earning a handsome fee. I took the precaution of securing your signature to this standard loan certificate. Perhaps Mr. Pavelka will hold one side of it while you read it.

"You will see," Cunliffe said, at the same moment that I saw the paragraph, "that your motor-car is down as part security. At a rather low figure, I am afraid."

I leaned forward, groping for some strand of understanding. "If all this about Uncle Bela is just—just invention, how did you get to hear about him in the first place?"

Cunliffe's eyelids dropped wryly. "You have not exactly made a secret of your expectations."

"But why me?" I said urgently. "I'm not cut out for this sort of thing."

Pavelka grasped my knee. "I like you," he said simply. "You look like your father. You have no recollection, I suppose, of Pavelka ware?"

"I know nothing at all about——"

"Nobody has today," he said bitterly. "It was excellent glass. I had the finest factory in Bohemia. Since nineteen thirty-four I employed a staff of twenty-seven men who did nothing but try and produce unbreakable glass. Not oven-proof glass, not plastic. Beautiful table glass, as delicate as the finest in my range. Since nineteen thirty-four! Now they have found it, and you are going to Prague to bring it to me."

"Mr. Pavelka!" I cried. "This is incredible! I don't know anything about glass. I only worked in the office."

"You need have no fears, Mr. Whistler," Cunliffe said. "It is the simplest job in the world. It is all a matter of finding someone with a legitimate reason for visiting glass factories—you will go as a buyer."

"They're not going to sell me this unbreakable glass!"

"No. It's not in production yet. You're bringing back the formula." He

"...after the first bottle my catarrh had gone..."

Writes Mrs. N.L.H. of Deptford Park, a sufferer from **SUMMER CATARRH** *for 28 years.*

"Since a child of five years of age (I am now 33) I have suffered with summer catarrh. Then I was recommended Lantigen by a neighbour. After the first bottle my catarrh had gone . . ."

Taken in water like ordinary medicine, the Lantigen 'B' treatment costs only a few pence a day. It sells at 25/9 a bottle. Free leaflet from chemists or address below.

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OVER **6,000,000 BOTTLES** OF LANTIGEN SOLD

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Beware of NERVOUS INDIGESTION

When your stomach is out of order, be quite sure of the cause before you start taking remedies. Work and worry often cause a lot of nervous indigestion, and the only way to end this is to rebuild and restore your nerves.

Unless your diet contains enough Vitamin B, your digestion will suffer; you will become headachy, irritable, sleep badly, and show all the signs of a nervous collapse.

Make sure you get enough Vitamin B. Take Phillips Tonic Yeast tablets with your meals. Brewers' yeast is the richest natural source of the B vitamins and Phillips Tonic Yeast is pure Brewers' yeast in concentrated form.

Start taking Phillips Tonic Yeast today. You will sleep better, be less easily upset, less worried and depressed, and your digestion will improve. But be sure to ask for 'Phillips' Tonic Yeast. It is the finest yeast with all its cells intact and without any drugs or harmful ingredients. At all chemists, 1/9, 4/-, 6/6 and 10/6.

So many people say:
Thank goodness *I can trust*
DeWitt's PILLS
to stop my **LUMBAGO**

DeWitt's Pills stimulate kidney action to clear out impurities that **cause** your aches and pains. Get some today. From chemists, 2/-, 4/1, 6/6.

The night of Wenceslas

continued from previous page

saw my expression and smiled. "A bit of paper with a few figures on—you won't know anything about it. The whole thing has been arranged so that there is not the slightest danger to you." As my mouth opened, he went on: "The moment you return with the—the bit of paper, I hand you the loan certificate. Both copies! And on top of that we will pay you a further two hundred pounds."

"And when do I pick up this—this formula?"

"Probably the day after you arrive. If so, of course, you must try and cut short your stay. It is really something you must decide when you are there. They will make a programme for you and one of the items will be a visit to Mr. Pavelka's factory. Incidentally, we applied for a visa for you as soon as you brought your passport along—and we have been assured it will come through almost immediately."

A long pause followed while I thought hard. Pavelka said moodily: "They have changed the name, the robbers. It is the Zapotocky Works now."

"Well," I said, and stood up. "I'll have to have time to think it over."

"Of course," Cunliffe said. "You have several days. You will be leaving by plane at ten on Tuesday morning."

Pavelka unfolded himself and grasped my hand in his again. "I am relying on you. I only wish I could go myself."

I wished he could, too. I was too full of worried care to speak.

I was waiting across the road with a splitting headache when Maura left the office at half past five. I waved limply and she came across, surprised.

"I got away early," I said. "Can we go and sit down somewhere?" People were streaming home all round us. I felt ramshackle enough to topple over if one of them bumped into me.

She looked at me in a decidedly odd manner, but made no comment. We walked to a tea shop.

Over tea she said quietly: "What's up, Nicolas?"

I'd been beating my tired brain to find the words for this one. I said: "It's damned awkward but something's cropped up that might interfere with my—my plans. I'm going to Prague," knowing as I said the words that I must have made the decision hours before.

"Prague?" She stared at me. "It's the glass business, isn't it?"

"Yes," I said truthfully. "But for God's sake, keep it to yourself. I shouldn't have told you at all, really. I've never done anything like this before——"

"And I'm sure you'll make a success of it," she said, pressing my hand. Her eyes were shining. "Oh, Nicolas, you're trying, and you've got him to give you this chance."

"It's not quite like that, Maura. Don't bank on anything concrete— —"

"I'm not banking on anyone but you, Nicolas, dearest. I've got complete faith in you, my darling."

There was rather more than the normal quota of endearments here and embarrassment was added to my ruined condition. I pressed her hand silently.

"Your mother will be delighted to hear the news." She knew I was going to Bournemouth over the weekend. "I'll see you on Monday."

Saturday was hot, and I was up early and by nine o'clock was on the road. I drew up at the Pleasance Hotel, Bournemouth, at eleven-thirty. Imre, who had evidently been lurking in the foyer, came out at once.

"Nicolas, my boy! It is good to see you. But I must tell you that—that your mother does not yet know the news about Bela. It was an impossibility. Her health—I would like you to understand, Nicolas——"

He was in the throes of some large agitation. I said kindly: "No harm done. There are plenty of complications, anyway——"

"Complications," he said. "*Yoh*, complications!" He faced me, breathing stormily. "I decided—it seemed a sensible thing to do—that while she was not well enough to hear the sad news about Bela, she could hear the good news about you. . . ."

"What is it you've told her?"

"It is not what I have told her," he said with some heat. "It is what she has made of it. She is a wonderfully imaginative woman. . . . I merely said," he went on hastily, noting my expression, "that you had had a success in business and might be travelling abroad. I wanted to work round to Canada—I suppose you will have to make a trip there—so that in a week or two perhaps we could come round to the subject of Bela. . . . And right away she took it you would be starting your father's business again in Europe. In Prague," he said nervously.

He was gazing at me apprehensively, but I said nothing.

"Your mother does not keep up with the news," he said anxiously. "She thinks Prague is as she left it. . . ."

Maminka was smoking a cigarette and writing a letter at her little escritoire when we went in.

"Nicolas, my son! But you are so thin. You are working so hard. Why have you not been to see me? Let me look at you. Come, kiss me." It was seldom necessary to speak for the first five minutes in my mother's company. "I cannot tell you how delighted I am at the news. Of course, I had not the slightest doubt that you would open the offices again. Can you get the same building, do you think?"

I sat down with acute enervation. "It isn't anything important, Maminka. Just an exploratory visit. Things have changed greatly."

"Of course. Nothing stands still," said my mother with great energy. "I have written you several letters of introduction to the people who count. And, of course, to Hana Simkova—you remember old Baba who nursed you?"

My mother's high clear voice went on and on. . . . Imre got me on one side before I left on Sunday. "Those letters," he said. "I couldn't prevent her writing them."

"That's all right, Uncle."

"Even to your nanny, Hana. Hana is dead. She died two or three years ago. Of course, I didn't tell her. Even the husband moved away somewhere.

"She is very much behind the times, your mother," he said sadly. "You are very angry with me, Nicolas?"

"No, Uncle. I'm not angry."

"Here, give me the letters. I'll throw them away. I'll burn them."

He was so contrite and anxious to please that I did so.

Maura saw me off on the Tuesday morning. Cunliffe had not been too taken with this idea, but there wasn't anything I could do to stop her. He sat waiting in his car opposite while we filed into the airport bus. I was carrying in my case a brand-new guide book that he had given me that morning.

This book—it now seemed to be unbelievably obvious—was the nub of my mission. Beneath its flyleaf when I returned would be Pavelka's formula.

Cunliffe had explained the operation to me in endless and sickening detail. I must carry the book everywhere. I must allow it to leave my hand only once—in Pavelka's factory where I had to "forget" it on the desk in the manager's office. It would be returned to me before I left.

"That is really all you need to know," Cunliffe had said. "One may claim without immodesty that it is quite a neat little scheme. It is entirely natural for you to carry a Norstrund about. Relax. Enjoy yourself. I am only sorry you have to know you will be carrying the—the bit of paper."

Maura had not told them at the office that she was taking time off, and was tending to make a departure of it. She clung silently to my arm, her face white and dramatic, eyes large and staring. At the last moment she gave me a quick kiss and dug in her bag. She had brought me a present, wrapped in a brown paper bag.

I said: "What is it?"

"Something to read. Maybe it will keep you out of mischief," she said with a feeble smile, and gave me a little nudge up the steps.

We were at the Chiswick roundabout before I opened the brown paper bag to see what Maura had bought me. She had bought me a brand-new Norstrund.

I tried kicking it under the seat when we left the bus. The driver came running up with it twenty minutes later as we streamed out on to the tarmac.

It was an ill omen. The trip had started with complications.

By the time we touched down at Prague my stomach was full of butterflies.

WORRY—4

Worry is interest paid on trouble before it becomes due.

W. R. Inge

NEXT WEEK: I keep a date with a blonde—and the secret police

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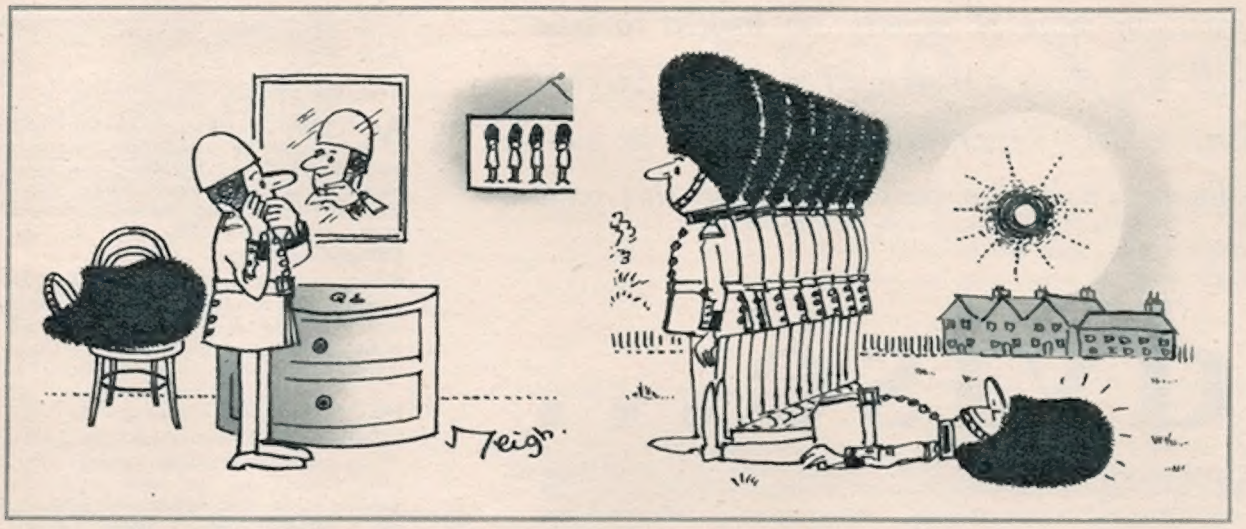

Sad, bad day for Ballysaggery

continued from page 22

arrows went the horse's hoofprints, and the sergeant after them.

"I think they go up that away," I suggested, pointing away from the fort.

"Do you?" said the sergeant. "Well, I don't, then. I think they go this away." And he came to the green sloping side of the fort itself, and lifted his foot to climb up and over it.

And that very second, hearing my voice, and thinking the second voice must be Peter Lowry's, didn't Father open the trapdoor.

I never saw two men look more startled in my mortal life. Down went Father as if he'd been shot in the skull. Down went the sergeant, plunging on top of him through the open trapdoor. And up from the still came the most catastrophic crashing and whinnying you'd hear outside of a collapsing stable. Because, of course, the horse was underneath.

Holding my breath, I went to the edge of the trap to look, and there, looking like the devils roasting in hell in the bit of lamplight, was Father lying in one corner of the still, Uncle Jamesy in another, and, right in the middle, the sergeant draped over the horse's rump and the horse staggering to and fro and shaking its ugly head.

ONE more sway and the sergeant slid to the ground, and just in the same second the horse let a lash out of his back foot that would have broken another man's skull. Even with the sergeant it laid him as cold as a daisy under the poteen barrel. Finally the horse itself buckled at the knees and went to sleep.

"Gob," said Father, sitting up and feeling himself. "Are we dead?"

"It's the girl," said Uncle Jamesy. "I said no good would come of anything with a girl involved in it."

"Oh, come up out of that," I whispered. "The sergeant'll have the life out of all of us when he comes round. Put your hand on his heart and see is he breathing."

"Breathing?" said Uncle Jamesy. "He's snoring like a traction engine. Don't be worrying about him. And come down here out of that and give us a hand shifting the still."

And so for the next hour and a half we hefted and humped and shifted every blessed bit of the still up out of the fort and away down to Peter Lowry's shed.

Finally we took away the trapdoor and dug the hole bigger and ragged all round, to make it look as if the horse had fallen into the fort of his own accord. By the time we'd finished, you could have gone over the place with a curry comb and not found a hint that there'd been poteen in it.

And still the sergeant and the horse lay draped across each other in the middle of the floor, like two ugly logs. And it suddenly struck me to wonder why the horse was asleep at all.

"Because it's drunk, of course," said Uncle Jamesy bitterly, when I asked him. "Blind drunk. And why wouldn't it be after two buckets of poteen, and near kicking in the barrel to get the second one? It was the only thing would keep the brute quiet. Oh, this is a sad, bad day for Ballysaggery. . . ."

It must have been a pretty sad day for the sergeant too, when he woke up and found his evidence gone from around him, and his head ringing like church bells from the belt his horse had given him. And sadder still for him when he got the three of us into court over in Killnoggin a week later. He'd hardly begun about his horse when things started to look bad for him.

"You went to look for your horse in a fairy fort?" said the justice, beginning to sound rather grim.

"No, Justice," the sergeant said, "it was only when the fort opened under my foot and I fell in on top of one of the leprechauns that I found the horse was there."

"One of the lep . . . one of the leprechauns?" said the justice very slowly. There was a big yell of laughter from some of the lads at the back of the courtroom, and I saw the sweat starting on the sergeant's forehead like marbles.

"I mean one of the defendants, your honour," he said miserably, as if he knew that he was a lost man from then on. "The people about call them the leprechauns because of the way they look. . . ."

"Go on," said the justice, but you could tell that he wasn't feeling very well disposed to the sergeant.

"Then the horse kicked me in the head, your honour, and when I woke up, wasn't the whole place dismantled and gone, and me lying there in the middle of the floor of the fort with the roof of it gaping to the sky above my head. . . ."

"And you suggest that the leprechauns had taken everything away during the night?" asked the justice, in a very silky kind of a voice.

"Yes, Justice," roared the sergeant like a bull with dogs round him; and the yell of laughter near lifted the roof.

"Case dismissed," said the justice, pounding on the desk in front of him with his little wooden hammer, and then I was swallowed up in the rush of lads coming to thump us on the back for having the sergeant beat.

INDEED, for Father and Uncle Jamesy it was as total a victory as a pair of honest men could wish. They even had a new place for the still; a little, disused quarry far back in the mountains where the sergeant could be looking a year without finding it. But for myself I was more concerned about how I could face Philomena.

And there she was, right in the middle of the path outside the court house, wringing her darling hands.

"Oh Michael," she said, before I could sneak off, and then she was in my arms, sobbing her heart out on my shoulder. "Did you hear what they're saying about him?" she wailed. "That he was drunk. Him that never touched a drop except at Christmas."

"There, there," I said, patting her head, and steering her out of the High Street into the peace and quiet of a little lane that led to the river.

And somehow we got off the subject of her father altogether, which was just as well. Because the things we got to talking about needed a lot less explaining on my part.

Up at the quarry, Father and Uncle Jamesy couldn't have enough of it, laughing their heads off over the way the sergeant had looked in court, and how he was wasting his time traipsing and trapezing over the countryside again on his swaybacked horse.

But the evening of the third day they stopped laughing pretty abruptly when the horse came stepping down into the quarry and pushed his big ugly head right inside the shaft where they had the still, snuffling with delight at the smell of the poteen. He'd got a taste for the stuff up in the fairy fort, and the second he'd got within half a mile of the quarry, down had gone his head and *snuff, snuff, snuff*, like a blessed dog rather than a horse, hadn't he smelt them out? They only got out of jail barely in time for the wedding, between me and Philomena.

And I can tell you, there wasn't much poteen drunk to celebrate that event, nor hasn't been since. Because once the sergeant realized that that horse of his could smell out a still, what did he do but turn the creature into a kind of flying column, laying waste the countryside on all sides?

Now there isn't a still left hardly, between Killnoggin and the sea, and there's even talk of the sergeant being promoted inspector, on the Poteen Squad. My own father-in-law, and me the descendant of untold generations of poteen makers. I don't know how I'll ever live down the shame. THE END

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Answers to Everybody's Puzzling

See page 26

BRAIN TEASER

When Mr. Haster altered his speed, he was 12 miles from London. At 30 m.p.h. a mile takes 2 minutes; at 40 m.p.h. it takes 1½ minutes. Therefore at 40 m.p.h. every mile saves ½ minute. Haster would have to do 88 miles to make up 44 minutes. 12 + 88 = 100 miles, the distance from London to Starford.

QUIZZLE

Quotation: And blessings on the falling out that all the more endears. (Tennyson.)
Clue Down: Dirty work at the crossroads.
Clues Across: (A) Damson; (B) Inedible; (C) Roulette; (D) Tarsus; (E) Yawning; (F) Wagtails; (G) Ortolan; (H) Retrench; (I) Kerchief; (J) Arsenal; (K) Trellis; (L) Tango; (M) Houri; (N) Entity; (O) Chimpanzee; (P) Regatta; (Q) Oil-cloth; (R) Shagreen; (S) Symbol; (T) Reprieve; (U) Otter; (V) Anecdote; (W) Dilemma; (X) Series.

Which year? *see page* 18
All the events took place in 1949

A gracious welcome to your guests

18/- bottle · 9/6 half-bottle
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THE FINEST TONIC for all Cage Birds

P.Y.M., containing vitamin-rich dried brewers' yeast and minerals, is the supreme conditioner for birds. A daily sprinkling of P.Y.M. on the seed or soft food will increase vitality, improve plumage and minimise the risk of deficiency diseases such as baldness, feather plucking and continual moult. 1/- and 2/6.

Mrs. F. E. of Leeds, writes:—
"My budgie was continually moulting. I added P.Y.M. to his seed and after a short time he stopped losing his feathers. He is now in fine condition, perky and bright with a nice sleek look."

From Pet or Corn Stores & Chemists

PHILLIPS YEAST MIXTURE
Phillips Yeast Products Ltd., London, N.W.10

GAY NEW FLOORS
...so easily yours!
STONE, CEMENT, LINO, WOOD—
This is the treatment, and it's GOOD! Give floors and surrounds new life, colour and beauty — just brush on "LIQUID LINO" FLOOR PAINT. Its delightful surface is "NON-SLIP", hard wearing and lasts for years.

'LIQUID LINO' *Rubberised* FLOOR PAINT

The 4/8d size will do a small room. 15 popular shades also Black, White and Clear. Use it anywhere outside too! Get a tin today, from any good Paint Dealer. ½-pints 4/8d, Pints 8/9d, all shades.
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Readers seeking advice from our team of experts are invited to send their problems to "John Bull : Everybody's Weekly" Free Advice Service, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Letters will be answered by post, and problems of general interest will also be published on this page

We advise...

MY neighbour's hens are invading my garden. They scratch for food, and lay eggs, which my neighbour recovers without even asking my permission. I don't like the idea of someone wandering about my garden, and the hens cause a considerable mess. What effective steps can I take?—M. A. P., Alveston, Bristol.

● You could take legal action against your neighbour to compel him to abate the nuisance. It is probable that a solicitor's letter would save you resorting to the courts.

As the eggs are his property he is entitled to take them, provided he does no damage and does not create a nuisance.

BRITANNIA'S SPELL

ON a shilling dated 1873 I found the word Britanniar. Was this the usual spelling at that time?—F. H., Ruislip, Middlesex.

● This does not refer to Britannia, but is an abbreviation of the Latin form of the Royal title "Britanniarum Rex (or Regina)" which means King (or Queen) of the Britains.

SPARE THAT TREE

IN the garden of our new home is a cypress tree which is about twenty-five feet tall and about twenty feet from the bungalow. I don't want to have to cut it down, but friends tell me the roots will undermine the foundations of the house. Are they right?—Mrs. I. A., Southall, Middx.

● At that distance it seems unlikely that the tree will cause disturbance to your home.

Possibly there is more danger that a storm might cause it to topple. However, if it is healthy you are fairly safe in leaving it.

BUTTERCUP BATTLE

PART of my garden is completely overrun by buttercups. Is there some fairly cheap agent I can use to kill them off?—D. B., Ware, Herts.

● Mix half a pound of sodium chlorate in a gallon of water and spray the buttercups with it. They will gradually die.

Repeat this if necessary and after about six months you should be able to use the ground for planting.

HOLIDAY OFF

DUE to financial difficulties I had to cancel my booking for holiday accommodation at Paignton in Devon. I gave twelve months' notice of my cancellation—but am now informed that I owe the whole amount unless alternative bookings are made. I expected to lose my deposit, but not the whole amount I was due to pay.—Mrs. E. S., Northfield, Birmingham, 29.

● As you broke your agreement to take the holiday accommodation the proprietor can hold you liable for any loss he may suffer. Unless he relents you will have to pay the whole amount.

TAKEN TO CLEANERS

ON receiving my raincoat back from the cleaners I found a sleeve torn. When I returned it the cleaners put on a patch. I refused to accept this as the work was unsatisfactory. I cannot get any satisfaction from the firm. What can I do?—W. B., Normanton, Derby.

● Firms usually accept articles for cleaning only on the condition that they accept no liability for loss or damage.

Conditions are generally printed on the receipt or prominently displayed in the receiving office.

You may have some difficulty in a claim unless you have evidence to show that the damage was due to negligence not connected with the actual cleaning.

VIEW UPSIDE DOWN?

I AM going to Australia and should like to take my television set and sewing machine. Would they work out there?—D. H., Handsworth, Birmingham, 21.

● A British-made TV receiver would not be suitable for use in Australia because the transmissions are of a different character. Usually mains voltage and frequency are similar to those here and it would be worth your while to take the sewing machine.

TANKING UP

WHAT type of glass and putty should I use in replacing the glass in an aquarium tank which measures 11 in. by 14 in. by 19 in.? — K. M., Rochester, Kent.

● If you can afford it, plate glass would be best, although ordinary window glass is suitable for normal use.

Stick it in place with mastic, such as Serra-mastic. If possible leave in position for several days before filling the aquarium.

CEMENT MIXTURE

HOW can I get rid of green and brown stains caused by age on a cement drive? It is otherwise in good condition and the stains come in patches.—Mrs. E. P., Newport, Mon.

● Age alone would not normally cause stains like these. These could be caused by rainwater washing rust from an old drainpipe.

You could try using water and a wire brush, but if this does not work, you could paint the drive with a cement paint.

BORING PIANO

MY ebony piano has been badly damaged by woodworm. Is there some method of disguising the holes which I can do at home? I have killed all the beetles, but the holes remain most unsightly.—Mrs. H. B. E., Effingham, Surrey.

● You can fill up the worm holes with plastic wood and then refinish the area with Furniglas black french polish. This is available from Furniglas, 14 Dingwall Road, West Croydon, Surrey.

NOT COMMITTED

THE owner of a house was asking £800 as purchase price, or nearest offer, and, subject to the local authority valuing it at that figure and granting me a suitable loan, I agreed to this figure and paid him a £10 deposit. I am now worried that I have to pay £800, although the valuation is only £560. The only document involved is a receipt for my deposit, which is not stamped. Can I still cancel the transaction?—S. G. T., Caerphilly, Glam.

● Any contract for buying or selling a house must state in writing all the conditions under which it is being bought or sold.

The receipt given to you by the vendor does not constitute a contract, and unless there is any evidence in writing that does constitute a contract, there is no reason why you should not withdraw from the deal and reclaim your deposit.

KEEPING IT QUIET

WE have just moved into a semi-detached house from a small cottage and we take to the general interchange of noise very badly. I wonder if there is some comparatively inexpensive method by which I could soundproof our rooms to keep out noise from next door. I have been told that this job can't be done cheaply.—G. M. G., Bramhall, Cheshire.

● There are two ways of soundproofing your new home. One is by fixing acoustic boarding or tiles straight on to the wall. The other is to mount the boarding on battens and fill the space between with fibreglass quilt or similar insulating material. The latter method is more effective but dearer. You should get a local builder to give you an estimate.

Worth Noting

ROGER SMITHELLS

keeps practical homelovers up to date

▶ **Get it taped:** When carrying out a repair which involves a lot of small parts, tack a length of adhesive tape sticky side up, on to your workbench. Place the parts on the tape in the order you remove them. They will stay in place and you will have no difficulty remembering the order in which to replace them. (K. Maxwell, 99 Broadlea Terrace, Leeds, 13.)

▶ **Polythene - covered pasting table:** When paper hanging and with no suitable table to use as a pasting board, use the best table. Get two polythene clothing bags, open them out and lay them over the polished surface, allowing the surplus to hang down over the sides. Paste will not penetrate these bags and they are inexpensive to use. (E. F. Lowe, Greenford.)

▶ **Anti-corrosion for tanks:** Avoid leaking or corroding tanks, by fitting a Tanksaver. This consists of a magnesium block enclosed in a terylene bag. This is attached by a copper wire to a wooden slat which is placed across the tank. The magnesium block gradually wears away and forms a protective layer on the inside of the tank. Guaranteed not to taint or affect the water, it may be used in a hot- or cold-water tank.

The cold-water Tanksaver costs £1 10s. and the hot-water Tanksaver costs £1 9s. Available from builders merchants, ironmongers, hardware merchants and large

Stop corrosion in your tank with this magnesium block

stores. By Metal & Pipeline Endurance, Ltd., Artillery Mansions, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.

▶ **New seats for old:** To restore the seat of a cane chair which has begun to sag, scrub it well top and bottom and place it outside in the sun to dry thoroughly. The seat will shrink back to its original firmness. (Mrs. G. Williams, Caerphilly.)

▶ **Travelling laundry kit:** A convenient length of cord, 10 clothes pegs and two small tubes of Dylon wash-crème, packed neatly into a plastic pouch, make it possible for the traveller to deal expertly with small items of wash while away from home. The cord has two circular wire "eyes" attached to it so that it may be hooked round objects to form a clothes line.

One tube of cream detergent is sufficiently concentrated to wash four pairs of nylons. Large replacements tubes of cream cost 2s. 6d. each. The plastic pouch comes in a range of twelve colours. Price 3s. 6d. by Mayborn Products, Ltd., Dylon Works, Berryman's Lane, London, S.E.26.

* * *

If you have a trouble - saving household tip for this column, send it in to Roger Smithells, JOHN BULL : EVERYBODY'S WEEKLY, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. One guinea will be paid for each tip published.

TWO CARS

THIS WEEK—TWIN FIRST PRIZES HEADING "BULLETS" AWARDS VALUE OVER

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Two First Prizes—each a £398 NOBEL 200!

TWIN FIRST PRIZES for Fun With Words! Don't miss your *two* opportunities of winning years of happy family motoring in a stylish 80-miles-a-gallon car. It's the £398 "Nobel 200"—the New York Motor Show sensation. You can travel the country at ½d. per mile—or pop £350 in the bank if you prefer cash. But only if you *post your coupon below by Monday, June 22!*

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THIS WAY to WIN a TWIN

HERE'S how to shape a Bullet. First, grasp the broad idea by enjoying the latest winners. Then choose as your starting-point any Example from list below. To it, add TWO, THREE or FOUR words to make the whole into a bright Bullet.

It's Your Country, So	Flowery Phrases
Rocks Ahead	A Take-over Bid
In Our Little Palace	Her Cavalier
That Atom	Never Hurt Anybody
On Site 1959	Spellbound
Across The Herring-pond	In A Screaming Jet
Where They're Going	Getting Around
Looked So Sweet	Batsman Grandpa
Twins	On The Excursion Train
Battering At The Gates	What Is A Friend?

Last six Examples are incomplete: if you wish to use one, first complete it with a word of your choice—then make your Bullet as above.

Listen To The.....And A Spot Of.....
Too Much To ..... Studying The.....
The Vital ..... If It ..... Again

EXAMPLE ..... 1s. PER BULLET

BULLET .....

EX. .....

B. .....

EX. .....

B. .....

EX. .....

B. .....

EX. ..... 5th BULLET FREE

B. ..... WITH 4 PAID

RONSONS value over £50 An elegant Ronson Lighter goes to each of the 20 chief winners whose successful Bullet was one of four or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

2,197 Post not later than last collection on **MON., JUNE 22**

I agree to rules and enclose P.O. entry-fee at the rate of 1s. per Bullet or 4s. for complete coupon.

P.O. value..... No.....

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BULLETS HELP
STICK 3d. STAMP here for four pages of practical help to success in June 27 *Bulletin*.

LATEST WINNERS

Bullets No. 2,192 Result: **£800** "Fridge—Food—Fortune" Award, or £750 lump sum: Miss N. Holme, 12 Leighton Street, Moston, Manchester:

On Top Of The World—Through "Keeping On Ball"

£50 Mrs. E. Green, 117 Oundle Road, Orton Longueville: **No Ordinary Spirit—Needed To Burn *Boats*!**

£25 A. Higgins, "The Tufts," Bream, Lydney: **To Get Rid Of The Butterflies—Destroy *Your* "Eggs," Man!**

£10 K. Vickerman, 57 Birchington Avenue, Birchencliffe, Huddersfield: **Rowdies And Layabouts—*Protectors* And *Pals*—Dogs!**

£9 E. H. Cole, 66 Abbotts Walk, Bexleyheath: **Lake In The Park—Breeding Tomorrow's "Drakes," "Campbells."**

£8 A. J. Peterson, 4 Kings Close, Crayford: **The Magic Of A Smile—Beneath Hat, Scarf, *Crown*!**

£7 Mrs. R. E. Bartle, 179 Waterloo Street, Hull: **Pond In The Park—Paper Yacht—*Real* "Millionaire"!**

£6 A. Turville, Flat 7, 347 Grange Road, London, S.E.19: **Strange And Frightening—"Jungle"—Overshadowing *Notting Hill*!**

£5 A. McElrea, Lisnatunny, Newtown Stewart, Co. Tyrone: **To Get Rid Of The Layabouts—Pull "Nest" From Underneath!**

£4 Mrs. D. M. Hitchcock, 103 Standhill Crescent, New Lodge, Barnsley: **On Top Of The World—On Uncovered Doughnut—Fly!**

Ten Prizes of £3 and 2,100 other Awards have also been posted.

RULES 1. First Prize for best Bullet received; others in order of merit. The test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all Bullets received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover Bullets in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed at 1s. per Bullet. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4 Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated July 18), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, July 4, for early news of No. 2,197 result.)

POST ENTRY
Bullets 2,197, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.99

HUGE 8-in-1 PRIZE NEXT WEEK!

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95 GOOD IDEAS

Now's the time to make over your home for summer—to make it fresher, cooler, gayer . . . to make sure it looks nice, smells nice, is free from flies and other pests . . . it's also the time to ensure that the family will be free from tummy upsets and even food poisoning this summer (food is easily contaminated in warm weather!) In the next issue of WOMAN'S REALM, on sale Tuesday, June 16, there's an EXTRA 8-page Booklet to pull out and keep, giving no less than 95 excellent ideas for making your home a blissful place to be in summer. Every idea is practical and cheap—some cost nothing at all. WOMAN'S REALM is only 4d. and in its 80 delightful pages you'll find many other good things . . . knitting, cooking, fashion, gardening, and wonderful fiction including "Wedding Day", a romantic short story, and the long opening chapters of a thrilling new serial, "King Of Herrons" by famous author Mary Walker.

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